

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 550.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1827.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Pelican Island, &c. By James Montgomery. 12mo. pp. 264. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

We have often felt that it was too long since Mr. Montgomery had appeared as a poet before the public tribunal; and after perusing the present volume, our regret is increased at the thought that he, who can delight so much, should allow such intervals to elapse between his unfrequent visits. There is, indeed, a silly cry sometimes heard, that this or that author writes too much; a charge not only foolish but injurious, while the party continues to write well. The like of what gratified us last year may gratify us again and again; and nothing but an idle love of change could make us prefer a production of inferior value, merely because it proceeded from a new hand, to one of superior beauties which was offered to us from a source we already admired. Yet this is what the bleating sheep among the critics fail not to inculcate; and what the weakling portion of readers as simply adopt. The consequence is, that the sensibility which always belongs to true genius becomes alarmed and diffident: afraid of censure, the finest talents are laid by to rust, the world is defrauded of many high pleasures, and we have a literary moor of scrubby and sickly young plants, instead of a splendid champaign full of lovely flowers, and stately trees, and all the standard luxuriance of nature. To real genius we, on the contrary, would say, "Write on, write on; you cannot write too much. One performance may be less striking or less excellent than another—there may be an occasional haste, or an occasional want of variety—but pour on the glorious flood of song, task the inexhaustible spirit of invention, cultivate the boundless stores of imagination; and the petty drawbacks which microscopic eyes may detect in your works, will, to future generations, appear but as motes in the sunbeam, or specks upon the resplendent disk of that immortal luminary."

Mr. Montgomery is a poet. One page of the *Pelican Island* cannot be read without indenting this impression deeply upon the mind. He does not view subjects with the faculty of common men; he does not paint them in the language of common men. Realities glow beneath his touch, and in the bodiless musings of his fancy we recognise a power and intelligence of extraordinary character. The "World before the Flood" afforded abundant evidence of this; and the proof will be infinitely strengthened by this new publication; of which we shall now lay an epitome, with extracts, before our friends. The opening of the poem expresses its theme and construction.

"Methought I lived through ages, and beheld
Their generations pass so swiftly by me,
That years were moments in their flight, and hours
The scenes of crowded centuries reveal'd:
While Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors
wrought
New and amazing changes:—these I sing.
"Sky, sun, and sea, were all the universe;
The sky, one blue, interminable arch,

Without a breeze, a wing, a cloud; the sun
Sole in the firmament, but in the deep
Redoubled; where the circle of the sea,
Invincible with calmness, seemed to lie
Within the hollow of a lower heaven.

I was a spirit in the midst of these,
All eye, ear, thought; existence was enjoyment;
Light was an element of life, and air
The clothing of my incorporeal form,—
A form impalpable to mortal touch,
And volatile as fragrance from the flower,
Or music in the woodlands. What the soul
Can make itself at pleasure, that I was;
A child in feeling and imagination,
Learning new lessons still, as nature wrought
Her wonders in my presence. All I saw,
(Like Adam when he walk'd in Paradise,)
I knew and named by secret intuition.
Actor, spectator, sufferer, each in turn,
I ranged, explored, reflected. Now I said,
And now I sear'd; anon expanding, seem'd
Diffused into immensity, yet bound
Within a space too narrow for desire;
The mind, the mind perpetual themes must task,
Perpetual power impel, and hope allure.
And the silent sun were here alone,
But not companions; high and bright he held
His course; I gazed with admiration on him,—
There all communion ended; and I sigh'd,
In loneliness unutterable sigh'd,
To feel myself a wanderer without aim,
An exile amid splendid desolation,
A prisoner with infinity surrounded."

Having thus imaginatively assumed the attributes of an intelligent Being before the work of creation began, the poet proceeds to mark, through multitudes of centuries, the continuation and completion of that stupendous design. The first objects which greet his wondering senses are beautifully described;—for instance, the *first star*.

"Darkness, meanwhile, disguised in twilight, crept
O'er air and ocean; drearier gloom involved
My fainting senses, till a sudden ray
Of penicil lustre sparkled from the west;
I flew to meet it, but drew never nearer,
While, vanishing and re-appearing oft,
At length it trembled out into a star.
My soul revived, and could I then have wept,
Methought I did with tears of fond delight,
How had I hail'd the gentle apparition,
As second life to me; so sweetly welcome
The faintest semblance of society,
Though but a point to rest the eye upon,
To him who hath been utterly bereaved!
—Star after star, from some unseen abyss,
Came through the sky, like thoughts into the mind,
We know not whence; till all the firmament
Was throng'd with constellations, and the sea
Strown with their images. Amidst a sphere
Of twinkling lights, like living eyes, that look'd
At once on me from every side, I stood,
(Motion and rest with me were mere volition.)
Myself perhaps a star among the rest!
But here again I found no fellowship;
Sight could not reach, nor keenest thought conceive
Their nature or their offices. To me
They were but what they seem'd; and yet I felt
They must be more; the mind bath no horizon,
It looks beyond the eye, and seeks far mind
In all it sees, or all it sees o'erhauling."

The first storm witnessed is also exceedingly poetical.

"Once, at high noon, amidst a sultry calm,
Looking around for comfort, I descried,
Far on the green horizon's utmost verge,
A wreath of cloud; to me a glad discovery,
For each new image sprang a new idea.
The germ of thoughts to come, that could not die.
The little vapour rapidly expanded,
Lowering and thickening till it hid the sun,
And threw a starless night upon the sea.
Eagerly, tremblingly, I watch'd the end.
Faint gleam'd the lightning, fow'd by no peal;
Dreary and hollow moans foretold a gale;
Nor long the issue tarried; then the wind,
Unprison'd blew its trumpet loud and shrill;

Out flash'd the lightnings gloriously; the rain
Came down like music, and the full-toned thunder
Roll'd in grand harmony throughout high heaven:
Till ocean, breaking from his black stupor,
Drown'd in his own stupendous uproar all
The voices of the storm beside; meanwhile
A war of mountains raged upon his surface,
Mountains each other swallowing, and again
New Alps and Andes, from unfathom'd valleys
Upstarting, join'd the battle; like those sons
Of earth,—giants, rebounding surer-born
From every fall on their unwearied mother.
I glow'd with all the rapture of the strife:
Beneath was one wild whirl of foaming surges;
Above the array of lightnings, like the swords
Of cherubim, wide brandish'd, to repel
Aggression from heaven's gates; their flaming strokes
Quench'd momentarily in the vast abyss.

The voice of Him who walks upon the wind,
And sets his throne upon the floods, rebuked
The headlong tempest in its mid-career,
And turn'd its horrors to magnificence.
The evening sun broke through the embattled clouds,
And threw round sky and sea, as by enchantment,
A radiant girdle, binding them to peace.
In the full rainbow's harmony of beams;
No brilliant fragment, but one sevenfold circle,
That spann'd the horizon, meted out the heavens,
And underarch'd the ocean.

Next morn, in mockery of a storm, the breeze
And waters skinn'd; d' bubble-armies fought
Millions of battles on the cresting surges,
And where they fell, all covered with their glory,
Traced in white foam on the cerulean main
Paths, like the milky-way among the stars."

After the elements, life began to appear, and the birth of the *Nautilus* is exquisite.

"Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is fill'd;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appear'd this lonely *Nautilus*,
My fellow-being, like myself alive.
In the ocean's entranced vagueness yet sweet,
I watch'd its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing:
While the last bubble crown'd the dimpling eddy,
Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air,—
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird.
On long light wings, that flung a diamond shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure,—on the surge,
A shoal of dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
Glow'd with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen."

Other creatures shew themselves, and, alas! begin to devour each other; which disturbs the soothing harmony of Mr. Montgomery's hitherto calm pictures; for even the tempest is sweet and innocuous.

Still the Being feels its soul or essence unsatisfied, and longs for a congenial Being. Without this, though peopled with millions of animated things, the world is a void solitude. Time, however, passeth on—there is an admirable description of an island gradually formed by the coral insects.

"Curious observation caught the clew
To this live labyrinth,—where every one,
By instinct taught, perform'd its little task;
—To build its dwelling and its sepulchre,
From its own essence exquisitely modell'd;

There breed, and die, and leave a progeny,
Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,
To frame new cells and tombs: then breed and die,
As all their ancestors had done,—and rest,
Hermetically seal'd, each in his shrine,
A statue in this temple of oblivion!
Millions of millions thus, from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unwearyable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the lightening, brightening gradual mound,
By marvellous structure climbing towards the day,
Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,
Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,
By which a hand invisible was rearing
A new creation in the secret deep.
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them;
Hence what Omnipotence alone could do
Worms did. I saw the living pile ascend,
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labours closed:
Slime the material, but the slime was turn'd
To adamant, by their petrific touch:
Fruit were their frames, ephemeral their lives,
Their masonry imperishable. All
Life's useful functions, food, exertion, rest,
By nice economy of Providence
Were overruled to carry on the process,
Which out of water brought forth solid rock.

"Compared with this amazing edifice,
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,
What are the works of intellectual man?
Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres:
Ideal images in sculptured forms,
Thought hewn in columns, or in domes expanded,
Fancies through every mass of beauty shewn;
Pride, gratitude, affection turn'd to marble,
In honour of the living or the dead:
What are they?—fine-wrought miniatures of art,
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering relics,
Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime!
Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,
Compared with these achievements in the deep,
Were all the monuments of olden time,
In days when there were giants on the earth.
Babel's stupendous folly, though it aim'd
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,
The plaything of the world in infancy:
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,
Built for eternity,—though where they stood,
Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,
And Desolation keeps unbroken sabbath:
Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,
Even when its 'head of gold' was smitten off,
And from a monarch changed into a brute—
Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,
Left by one tide, and cancell'd by the next.
Egypt's dread wonders, still defying Time,
Where cities have been crumbled into sand,
Scatter'd by winds beyond the Libyan desert,
Or melted down into the mud of Nile,
And cast in tillage o'er the corn-sown fields,
When Memphis flourish'd and the Pharaohs reign'd;
Egypt's gray ruins of hieroglyphic grandeur
That have survived the language which they speak,
Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal;
Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite,
But puny ornaments for such a pile
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,
Fill'd with dry mummies of the builder-worms."

This fine description and fine comparison
carries us forward to the epoch when the land
is clothed with vegetation, and the air breathes
with ephemeral insect life.

"Here was the infancy of life, the age
Of gold in that green life, itself new-born,
And all upon it in the prime of being,
Love, hope, and promise; 'twas in miniature
A world unsoil'd by sin; a Paradise
Where Death had not yet enter'd; Bliss had newly
Alighted, and not close his rainbow wings,
To rest at ease, nor dread intruding ill."

Charming image! and followed by another
of a later period.

"Bred there, the legion-field of creeping things,
Terribly beautiful, the serpent lay,
Wrathful like a coronet of gold and jewels,
Fit for a tyrant's brow."

The fourth canto commences in a high strain
of philosophical speculation and poetical beauty.

"Nature and Time were twins. Companions still,
Their unseparated, unreturning flight
They hold together. Time, with one sole aim,
Looks ever onward, like the moon through space,
With beaming forehead, dark and bald behind,
Nor ever lost a moment in its course.
Nature looks all around her like the sun,
And keeps her works, like his dependent works,
In constant motion. She hath never mind'd

One step in her victorious march of change,
For chance she knows not: He who made her, gave
His daughter power o'er all except Himself,
Power in what'er she does to do His will."

The island is now devastated by a hurricane,
but revives again with augmented freshness
and vigour; and two Pelicans (whence the
name of the poem) make it the place of their
abode. Mr. M. revels in his description of
these birds, their mode of life, and all their
motions for a hundred years, till they die in
the midst of myriads of their progeny. From
this part, however, we can only select some
detached reflections, such as those upon life
and death.

"Harsh seems the ordinance, that life by life
Shall be sustain'd, and yet when all must die,
And be like water spill'd upon the ground,
Which none can gather up,—the speediest fate,
Though violent and terrible, is best.
O with what horrors would creation groan,
What agonies would ever be before us,
Famine and pestilence, disease, despair,
Anguish and pain! every hideous shape,—
Had all to wait the slow decay of nature!
Life were a martyrdom of sympathy;
Death, lingering, raging, writhing, shrieking torture;
The grave would be abolished: this gay world
A valley of dry bones, a Golgotha,
In which the living stumbled o'er the dead,
Till they could fall no more, and blind perdition
Swept frail mortality away for ever.
'Twas wisdom, mercy, goodness, that ordain'd
Life in such infinite profusion—Death
So sure, so prompt, so multitudinous to those
That never sinn'd, that know not guilt, that fear
No wrath to come, and have no heaven to lose."

And again, the following, on the construc-
tion of their nests by birds, strike us as being
peculiarly original and fanciful. The Pelicans
have shewn their young how to swim, fly,
fish, &c.

"Thus perfected in all the arts of life,
That simple Pelicans require, save one,
Which mother-bird did never teach her daughter,
The imitable art to build a nest;
Love, for his own delightful school, reserving
That mystery which novice never fail'd
To learn infallibly when taught by him:
Hence that small masterpiece of Nature's art,
Still unimpair'd, still unimproved, remains
The same in size, material, shape, and texture.
While every kind a different structure frames,
All build alike of each peculiar kind:
The nightingale that dwelt in Adam's bower,
And pour'd her stream of music through his dreams;
The soaring lark, that led the eye of Eve
Into the clouds her thoughts into the heaven
Of heavens, where lark nor eye can penetrate;
The dove that perch'd upon the Tree of Life,
And made her bed among its thickest leaves;
All the wing'd habitants of Paradise,
Whose songs once mingled with the songs of angels,
Wove their first nests as curiously and well
As the wood-minstrels in our evil day,
After the labours of six thousand years,
In which their ancestors have fail'd to add,
To alter, or diminish any thing
In that, of which Love only knows the secret,
And teaches every mother for herself,
Without the power to impart it to her offspring."

Other birds are finely touched into identity.

"The parrots swung like blossoms on the trees,
While their harsh voices undecoded the ear!"

"From flower to flower, where wild bees flew and sung,
As countless, small, and musical as they,
Showers of bright humming-birds came down, and plied
The same ambrosial task."

"Here ran the stormy petrels on the waves,
As though they were the shadows of themselves
Reflected from a loftier flight through space."

"They plough'd not, sow'd not, gather'd not in barns,
Thought not of yesterday, nor knew to-morrow;
Yet harvest inexhaustible they reap'd
In the prolific furrows of the main;
Or from its sunless caverns brought to light
Treasures for which contending kings might war,—
Gems, for which queens would yield their hands to
slaves,—
By them despoiled as valueless and nought;
From the rough shell they pick'd the luscious food,
And left a prince's ransom in the pearl."

Traits like these would be decisive as to the
merits of any poem, and it may be believed
that the Pelican Island is full of them, though

it would extend our critical duty too far were
we to enter into their details. We must even
rapidly follow the thread of the narrative. Era
succeeds to era; continents are formed, and
the larger animals are produced to inhabit
them; and at length man is seen in the vision—
but man in a corrupt, degenerate, and savage
state. We could have wished that the poet
had chosen to witness the birth of the divinest
boon in creation, and painted the heavenly
gift of woman to man; but perhaps he feared to
tread a path which Milton trod before—
nevertheless, there is much of that bliss of bliss
which may yet be sung. The horrible images
he has, on the contrary, selected for his pencil
are, we must confess, any thing but agreeable
to our taste. Among man's barbarities is that
of oppressing his weaker companion; and the
author allows her but one consolation, which is
an able exposition of maternal feelings.

"Yet, midst the gall and wormwood of her lot,
She tasted joys which none but woman knows,
—The hopes, fears, feelings, raptures of a mother,
Well-nigh compensating for her unkindness
Whom yet with all her fervent soul she loved.
Dearer to her than all the universe,
The looks, the cries, the embraces of her babes;
In each of whom she lived a separate life,
And felt the fountain, whence their veins were fil'd,
Flow in perpetual union with the stream,
That swell'd their pulses, and throbb'd back through
her's."

Oh! 'twas benign relief when my vex'd eye
Could turn from man, the sordid, selfish savage,
And gaze on woman in her self-denial,
To him and to their offspring all alive,
Dead only to herself,—save when she won
His unexpected smile; then, then she look'd
A thousand times more beautiful, to meet
A glance of aught like tenderness from him;
And sent the sunshine of her happy heart
So warm into the charnel-house of his,
That nature's genuine sympathies awoke,
And he almost forgot himself in her.
O man! lost man! amidst the desolation
Of goodness in thy soul, there yet remains
One spark of Delity,—that spark is love."

Again the scene changes, and we have in-
mated portraits of humanity;—an idiot, a mo-
ther guilty of child murder,—and others: the
poem here is very powerful, but cannot be so
grateful to the mind as in its softer passages.

"Ages again, with silent revolution,
Brought morn and even, noon and night, with all
The old vicissitudes of Nature's aspect:
Rains in their season fertilised the ground,
Winds sow'd the seeds of every kind of plant
On its peculiar soil; while suns matured
What winds had sown, and rains in season water'd,
Providing nourishment for all that lived:
Man's generations came and went like these,
—The grass and flowers that wither where they spring;
—The brutes that perish wholly where they fall."

Thus while I mused on these in long succession,
And all reman'd as all had been before,
I cried, as I was wont, though none did listen,
—*'Tis sweet sometimes to speak and to be heard!*
For he is truer himself who can converse
With his own thoughts, as with a living throng
Of fellow-travellers in solitude;
And mine too long had been my sole companions;
—*'What is this mystery of human life!*
In rude or civilised society.

Alike, a pilgrim's progress through this world
To that which is to come, by the same stages:
With infinite diversity of fortune
To each distinct adventurer by the way!

"Life is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being:
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are always moving onward, always losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length,
Like undulations, on the strand of death.
The sage of three-score years and ten looks back,—
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience-fit,—on what
He hath been, is not, cannot be again;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think
What he is now, but cannot long continue.
And what he must be through uncounted ages.
—The Child,—we know no more of happy childhood
Than happy childhood knows of wretched old;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions:
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning-star
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing."

On the first day that we ever pluck'd,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and
flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.
Thenceforward, mark the metamorphoses!
—The Boy, the Girl;—when all was joy, hope, pro-
phecy!

Yet who would be a Boy, a Girl again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
And dream of what will never come to pass?
—The Youth, the Maiden—living but for love,
Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
And joys less rapturous, but more enduring;
—The Woman—in her offspring multiplied;
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,
Beneath whose shadow, she (both root and stem)
Delights to dwell in meek obscurity;
That they may be the pleasure of beholders:
—The Man;—as father of a progeny,
Whose birth requires his death to make them room,
Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
And grows immortal in his children's children:
—Then the gray Elder;—leaning on his staff,
And bow'd beneath a weight of years, that steal
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep,
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
None with such subtlety benumbs the frame)
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother;
She throws a shroud of turnip flowers around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office:
—Man giveth up the ghost,—and where is he?

I saw those changes realised before me;
Saw them recurring in perpetual line,
The line unbroken, while the thread ran on,
Falling at this extreme, at that renew'd,—
Like buds, leaves, blossoms, fruits on herbs and trees;
Like miles, like minutes, like birds, and beasts, and fishes,
Of every length of period here,—all mortal,
And all resolved into those elements
Whence they had emanated, whence they drew
Their sustenance, and which their wrecks recruited
To regenerate and foster other forms.
As like themselves as were the lights of heaven,
For ever moving in serene succession,—
Not like those lights unquenchable by time,
But ever changing, like the clouds that come,
Who can tell whence? and go, who can tell whither?
Thus the swift series of man's race elapsed,
As for no higher destiny created.
Than might begeth them,—from the elephant
Down to the worm, thence to the scophyte,
That link which binds Prometheus to his rock,
The living fire to insensate matter.
They were not, then they were; the unborn, the living!
They were, then were not; they had lived and died."

Without going into the religious inquiries
whither Mr. M. now leads his readers, or
endeavouring to expound several rather mysti-
cal dogmas, we shall merely, in conclusion,
state that the work closes with a spirited ac-
count of an ancient patriarch and his grand-
child acquiring from Nature knowledge enough
to raise their souls to the worship of an un-
known God. And thus terminates the poem—

"Here end my song; here ended not the vision:
I heard sweet thunders uttering their voices,
And wrote what they did utter; but 'tis seal'd
Within the volume of my heart, where thoughts,
Unbodied yet in vocal words, await
The quickening warmth of poetry, to bring
Their forms to light,—like secret characters,
Invisible till open'd to the fire;
Or like the potter's paintings, colourless
Till they have pass'd to glory through the flames.
Changes more wonderful than those gone by,
More beautiful, transporting, and sublime,
To all the frail affections of our nature,
To all the immortal faculties of man:
Such changes did I witness: not alone
In one poor Pelican Island, nor on one
Barbarian continent, where man himself
Could scarcely soar above the Pelican;
—The world as it hath been in ages past,
The world as now it is, the world to come,
Far as the eye of poetry can pierce,
These I beheld, and still in memory's rolls
They have their pages and their pictures; these,
Another day, a nobler song may shew.

Vain boast! another day may not be given!
This song may be my last; for I have reach'd
That slippery descent, whence man looks back
With melancholy joy on all he cherish'd;
Around, with love unfeign'd, on all he's losing!
Forward, with hope that trembles while it turns
To the dim point where all our knowledge ends.
I am but one among the living: one
Among the dead I soon shall be; and one
Among unnumber'd millions yet unborn;
The sum of Adam's mortal progeny.
From Nature's birth-day to her dissolution:
—Lost in infinitude, my atom's life
Seems but a sparkle of the smallest star
Amidst the scintillations of ten thousand

Twinkling incessantly; no ray returning
To shine a second moment, where it shone
Once, and no more for ever:—so I pass.
The world grows darker, lonelier, and more silent,
As I go down into the vale of years:
For the grave's shadows lengthen in advance,
And the grave's loneliness appals my spirit,
And the grave's silence sinks into my heart,
Till I forget existence in the thought
Of non-existence, buried for a while
In the still sepulchre of my own mind,
Itself imperishable!—ah! that word,
Like the archangel's trumpet wakes me up
To deathless resurrection. Heaven and earth
Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me
Must think for ever: that which feels must feel!
—I am, and I can never cease to be.

O thou that readest! take this parable
Home to thy bosom; think as I have thought,
And feel as I have felt, through all the changes
Which Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors,
wrought.
While centuries sweep like morning-dreams before me,
And thou shalt find this moral to my song:
—Thou art, and thou canst never cease to be;
What then are time, life, death, the world to thee?
I may not answer; ask eternally."

We have not left ourselves room for, nor is
there, after all we have said, much need for
comment. It will have been perceived that
the versification and rhythm are of peculiar
construction, and that the lines, especially in
their terminations, are formed on a model not
the most forcible of which our language is ca-
pable. There is, however, no lack of strength,
or of beauty, or of originality, in the ideas and
imagery: and it is these, and these only, which
make the bard.

Some miscellaneous pieces are appended, most
of which, if our memory be correct, we have
seen before. The whole volume is a new trea-
sure to the lovers of genius and true poetry.

*Narrative of Don Juan Van Halen's Impris-
onment in the Dungeons of the Inquisition
at Madrid; and his Escape in 1817 and
1818. To which are added, his Journey to
Russia, his Campaign with the Army of the
Caucasus, and his Return to Spain in 1821.*
Edited from the original Spanish MS. by
the Author of "Don Esteban," &c. 8vo.
2 vols. London, 1827. H. Colburn.

A DARKER side of human nature was never
shewn than that which now appears in Spain:
a weak government; a priesthood whose abuse
of authority is increased by their fear of losing
it; a people crushed and degraded,—these are
fitting materials for tyranny and bigotry. The
pages now before us present a most diabolical pic-
ture: in the nineteenth century torture and
the Inquisition would seem things only to be
read; here we find them in fearful activity, if
indeed we may believe that this is a true nar-
ration, and not a fiction. We confess our fears
that it is an exaggeration for political purposes,
though probably founded on actual facts. But
we will give the author's own story. Engaged
in some effort of the constitutionalists, he is
detected and lodged in the Inquisition, where,
as he asserts, every effort is used to make him
discover his associates: the following scenes
ensue!—

"At about eight o'clock at night of the
same day (Nov. 20th), Don Juanito entered my
dungeon with a lantern in his hand, fol-
lowed by four other men, whose faces were
concealed by a piece of black cloth, shaped
above the head like a cone, and falling over
the shoulders and chest, in the middle of which
were two holes for the eyes. I was half asleep
when the noise of the doors opening awoke me,
and by the dim light of the lantern I perceived
those frightful apparitions. Imagining I was
labouring under the effects of a dream, I ear-
nestly gazed awhile on the group, till one of
them approached, and pulling me by the leather

strap with which my arms were bound, gave
me to understand by signs that I was to rise.
Having obeyed this summons, my face was
covered with a leather mask; and in this
manner I was led out of the prison. After
walking through various passages on a level
with that of my dungeon, we entered a room,
where I heard Zorrilla order my attendants to
untie the strap.

"The agitation of the moment permitted
me to utter only a few words, which, however,
were not listened to; and I was hurried away
to the farther end of the room, the jailer and
his assistants exerting all their strength to
secure me. Having succeeded in raising me
from the ground, they placed under my arms
two high crutches, from which I remained
suspended; after which my right arm was tied
to the corresponding crutch,—whilst the left
being kept in a horizontal position, they en-
cased my hand open in a wooden glove extend-
ing to the wrist, which shut very tightly, and
from which two large iron bars ran as far as
the shoulder, keeping the whole in the same
position in which it was placed. My waist
and legs were similarly bound to the crutches
by which I was supported; so that I shortly
remained without any other action than that
of breathing, though with difficulty. After
forty-eight hours, during which my arms had
been constantly pinioned, I did not, till this
moment, very acutely feel the pain caused by
the tightness of the new binding. Having
remained a short time in this painful posi-
tion, that unmerciful tribunal returned to their
former charges. Zorrilla, with a tremulous
voice, that seemed to evince his thirst for blood
and vengeance, repeated the first of those he
had just read, namely, whether I did not belong
to a society whose object was to overthrow our
holy religion, and the august throne of our
catholic sovereign? I replied, that it was im-
possible I should plead guilty to an accusation
of that nature: 'Without any subterfuge, say
whether it is so,' he added in an angry tone.
'It is not, sir,' I replied. The glove which
guided my arm, and which seemed to be resting
on the edge of a wheel, began now to turn;
and with its movements I felt by degrees an
acute pain, especially from the elbow to the
shoulder, a general convulsion throughout my
frame, and a cold sweat overspreading my face.
The interrogatory continued; but Zorrilla's
question of 'Is it so? Is it so?' were the only
words that struck my ear amidst the excruciat-
ing pain I endured, which became so intense
that I fainted away, and heard no more the
voices of those cannibals. When I recovered
my senses, I found myself stretched on the floor
of my dungeon, my hands and feet secured
with heavy fetters and manacles, fastened by
a thick chain, the nails of which my tormentors
were still riveting. On this being concluded,
the unpleasant mask which obstructed my sight
was removed, and I observed that Zorrilla and
Don Juanito were the only persons that re-
mained in the dungeon. Wishing to stifle
before such hateful witnesses any expression of
pain that might escape me amidst my severe
sufferings, I closed tightly the lapel of my coat
with my teeth; but Zorrilla, who noticed it,
said, loading me with abusive epithets, that
rage and despair were the only pains I felt.
Left by those wretches stretched in the same
place, I could have wished that the doors, which
closed after them, should never again open.
Eternal sleep was all I desired, and all I asked
of Heaven. It was after much difficulty that I
dragged myself to my bed. It seemed to me
that the noise of my chains would awaken the

vigilance of my jailers, whose presence was to me the most fatal of my torments. I spent the whole of the night struggling with the intense pains, which were the effects of the torture, and with the workings of my excited mind, which offered but a horrible perspective to my complicated misfortunes. This state of mental agitation, and the burning fever which was every moment increasing, soon threw me into a delirium, during which I scarcely noticed the operation performed by my jailers of opening the seams of my coat to examine the state of my arm. I continued delirious during the whole day and night of the 21st; but on the following morning I became sensible of the presence of the medical attendant of the secret prison, Don José Gil, surgeon of one of the regiments of the guards, a man rather advanced in years, of an abrupt but frank character, and of a humane disposition—a singular circumstance in a familiar of the Holy Office. He was accompanied by Don Juanito, who did not seem to agree with him as to the manner in which I was to be treated. On Zorrilla making his appearance, the surgeon said, without hesitation, that as long as I should be kept so cruelly pained, no amelioration could be expected. Zorrilla, who evinced much displeasure at his expressing himself thus openly, led him out of the dungeon into the passage where they remained talking for some time. On their return, poultices were applied to my arm to allay the inflammation; but as the surgeon's request, that my chains should be removed, remained unattended to, I spent the whole of that day, or I should rather say, of that eternal night, seeking in vain a position in which I might obtain some repose. This incessant restlessness fed the fever which consumed me, and rendered my agony more horrible. On the following day, when the doctor saw me in that dreadful state, he exclaimed, "Why should I come to see this! Either these irons must be removed, or call me no more to attend." These words, so different from those I was accustomed to hear my keepers utter, penetrated to my heart's core; and notwithstanding my endeavours to repress the emotion I felt at this moment, my eyes betrayed it in a manner too forcible not to be observed. Stern silence, accompanied by various signs of disapprobation, was the only reply given to the above observation; and Doctor Gil, as if hesitating on what he was to do, quitted the dungeon without having prescribed any thing for my relief. He was followed by the rest; but on arriving at the exterior door, I heard Zorrilla address the doctor in a manner which shewed a perfect indifference for my existence."

The mention of Ferdinand represents him as a monster of stupid cruelty.

"My mother, too prudent to allow herself to be accompanied by her young daughters, presented herself alone at the palace at the appointed hour. The king was leaning against a marble table, surrounded by the captain of the guards, and other noblemen on service, when my mother entered the saloon of audience. 'What do you desire,' said the king on her kissing his hand. 'Sire, only to entreat your majesty, that whatever be the crime of which my son is accused, and whatever the punishment awarded him, you may deign to lend a compassionate ear to the prayer of his afflicted mother.' 'Well! what is it you wish?' interrupted the king. 'That your majesty may be pleased to order his removal to another prison, where his parents may have the consolation of hearing from him, and that his crime, if he have actually committed any, be made known

to the world, to avoid the unfavourable interpretation which is always attached to the errors of those who are confined within the walls of the Inquisition, and which every day weighs heavier on the heart of his religious father. Sire! grant this favour to us, I entreat you. He is our most beloved son, because he has always been the most unfortunate.' 'You would do better to forget him; he does little honour to your name,' the king observed. 'Sire, recollect that two years ago some of his secret enemies, making use of your royal name, conspired against the life of my son, and that it was almost miraculously he escaped an ignominious death.' 'Well, it would have been better if he had died then.' Saying this, he turned his back on her, and my unfortunate mother fell at his feet in a state of insensibility, violently striking her head against the marble table. On her recovering her senses, she found herself supported by a halberdier of the palace, who conducted her to a coach; and in this pitiable condition she was conveyed home, where my afflicted father and sisters were impatiently waiting for her."

The escape is most interesting in its details. As a book, the great fault of this one is, that it is too diffuse. As a narrative of historical interest, if it may be so considered, it is one no Englishman can read without abhorrence, and thankfulness that he is not a countryman of Juan Van Halen.

Two Years in New South Wales: a Series of Letters, comprising Sketches of the actual State of Society in that Colony; of its peculiar Advantages to Emigrants; of its Topography, Natural History, &c. By P. Cunningham, Surgeon, R.N. Post 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1827. Colburn.

As a Reviewer is like the Irishman in being unlike a bird, so that it is impossible for him to be in two places at once, we have been unable to be with Mr. Cunningham for two years in New South Wales for the last two weeks, having been engaged with an Officer on the Staff two years in Ava. We can now, however, cross over to the land of Conviction, of which we have here a true and very entertaining account. Indeed, the worthy Surgeon's volumes are very agreeably written, and his means of observation appear to have been ample. He made four voyages to the colony, and he resided in it two years; not only enjoying the best opportunities of observing the state of transplanted society, but having it in his power to traverse a good deal of the country, and to come into contact with its aboriginal inhabitants. Mr. Cunningham, we need only further remark, is evidently a man of intelligence and cultivated understanding. Upon what he witnessed he is quite competent to give opinions of considerable weight and authority; and he has laid his statements before the public in a pleasant style, neither too formal and dictatorial, nor too familiar and light.

Having said thus much in commendation of the author, and nothing of his little inaccuracies, which will be visible in our extracts, we shall proceed to lay before our readers, as connectedly as may be, some of the leading matters, which an analysis of the whole teaches us to consider as the most novel and curious. We can do nothing, however, till we land; which we beg to be understood to do voluntarily, and without the accompaniment of hand-cuffs by way of wristbands, or fetters on our limbs, making music to our stockings.

"Numbers of boats soon surrounded the ship,

filled with people anxious to hear news, and traffickers with fruit and other refreshments, besides watermen to land passengers: a regular establishment of the latter description has long existed here, many of whose members formerly plied that vocation on the Thames, and among whom were a few years back numbered that famous personage once known by all from Westminster Stairs to Greenwich, by the shouts which assailed him as he rowed along, of 'Overboard he vent, overboard he vent!' King Boongarra, too, with a boat-load of his dingy retainers, may possibly honour you with a visit, bedizened in his varnished cocked-hat of 'formal cut,' his gold-laced blue coat (flanked on the shoulders by a pair of massy epaulettes), buttoned closely up, to evade the extravagance of including a shirt in the catalogue of his wardrobe; and his bare and broad platter feet, of dull cinder hue, spreading out like a pair of sprawling toads, upon the deck before you. First, he makes one solemn measured stride from the gangway; then turning round to the quarter-deck, lifts up his beaver with the right hand a full foot from his head (with all the grace and ease of a court exquisite), and carrying it slowly and solemnly forwards to a full arm's-length, lowers it in a gentle and most dignified manner down to the very deck, following up this motion by an inflection of the body almost equally profound. Advancing slowly in this way, his hat gracefully poised in his hand, and his pliz wreathed with many a fantastic smile, he bids *masa* welcome to his country. On finding he has fairly grinned himself into your good graces, he formally prepares to take leave, endeavouring at the same time to take likewise what you are probably less willing to part with—namely, a portion of your cash. Let it not be supposed, however, that his majesty condescends to *thieve*: he only solicits the loan of a *dump*, on pretence of treating his sick *gin* [wife] to a cup of tea, but in reality with a view of treating himself to a porringer of 'Cooper's best,' to which his majesty is most royally devoted. You land at the government wharf on the right, where carts and porters are generally on the look-out for jobs; and on passing about fifty yards along the avenue, you enter George Street, which stretches on both hands, and up which, towards the left, you now turn, to reach the heart of the town.

"Although all you see are English faces, and you hear no other language but English spoken, yet you soon become aware you are in a country very different from England, by the number of parrots and other birds of strange note and plumage which you observe hanging at so many doors, and cagesful of which you will soon see exposed for sale as you proceed. The government gangs of convicts, also, marching backwards and forwards from their work in single military file, and the solitary ones straggling here and there, with their white woollen Paramatta frocks and trousers, or gray or yellow jackets with duck overalls (the different styles of dress denoting the oldness or newness of their arrival), all daubed over with broad arrows, P. B's, C. B's, and various numerals in black, white, and red; with perhaps the jail-gang straddling sulkily by in their jingling leg-chains,—tell a tale too plain to be misunderstood. At the corners of streets, and before many of the doors, fruit-stalls are to be seen, teeming in their proper seasons, with oranges, lemons, limes, figs, grapes, peaches, nectarines, apricots, plums, apples, pears, &c., at very moderate prices."

So here you had b after receiv gentleman hardly less the poet hu "Leave Of the Inte and even must be ve elsewhere until the discovered he looked either rich still dwell parts adja "Wh Sydney of tions wh perceiv may just now suff ment aw men ban with wh come in highway shoulder glar on your wa you bel vocation the tas quietly industr than th the str may pu night, possess wherei pounce their tion. hours, tionso interr rare o much cant i convic and i their fact, the pi and town by co than char too, with liabl die, form that one ther offer neve Eng sorr bur such hou pro the wh cre

So here you are in Sydney, as safely as if you had been packed up at the Old Bailey, after receiving a suitable terror from a worthy gentleman with a fearful black cap on, over a hardly less fearful wig, and been induced, as the poet has it, to

"Leave your country, for your country's good."

Of the interior you can as yet know nothing, and even your acquaintance with the coast must be very partial: indeed, Mr. Cunningham elsewhere justly remarks—"It is evident that, until the outlet of the interior rivers shall be discovered, the Australian continent can never be looked up to as a country destined to prove either rich or powerful." We shall, therefore, still dwell on the localities of Sydney and the parts adjacent.

"When strolling through the streets of Sydney on first landing, very singular reflections will naturally intrude upon the mind, on perceiving the perfect safety with which you may jostle through the crowds of individuals now suffering, or who have suffered, the punishment awarded by the law for their offences: men banished often for the deepest crimes, and with whom, in England, you would shudder to come in contact. Elbowed by some daring highwayman on your left hand, and rubbed shoulders with by even a more desperate burglar on your right—a footpad perhaps stops your way in front, and a pickpocket pushes you behind,—all retired from their wonted vocations, and now peacefully complying with the tasks imposed upon them, or following quietly up the even path pointed out by honest industry. But nothing will surprise you more than the quietness and order which prevail in the streets, and the security wherewith you may perambulate them at all hours of the night, indifferently watched as they are, and possessing so many convenient situations wherein robbers may conceal themselves, pounce upon you, and make their escape with their booty without even a chance of detection. I have frequently been out at very late hours, and passed through many gloomy portions of the town, but never met with a moment's interruption. Indeed, a street robbery is a most rare occurrence. Petty thefts and burglaries are much more frequent, but these are also insignificant in amount. Even robberies of masters by convict servants are far from being common, and more is generally made of these than their magnitude intrinsically deserves. In fact, the thefts they commit are generally for the purpose of regaling themselves with spirits, and this can only be done in the vicinity of towns. They are more strictly watched, and by consequence usually more speedily detected, than such as have hitherto borne an honest character; they are more certainly punished too, because we have no previous sympathy with them; and their offences are also more liable to be construed into crimes of a deeper die, inasmuch as, knowing them to have been formerly bad, we are naturally led to believe that the robbery now brought to light is but one of a long series they have been committing, therefore we feel little disposed to look over offences in them, for which we would possibly never think of prosecuting a free servant in England. Brick walls, however, afford but a sorry defence against our expert and ingenious burglars, who will pick a hole through one of such in a very few minutes,—no part of a house being safe; back, front, and gable, proving all equally inviting. They will effect their breach with a celerity and a silence which few new-comers feel disposed to give credit to, until they awake some morning vest-

less and bootless, and on prying round in quest of their stray habiliments, find themselves unexpectedly assisted in the search by the friendly face of daylight now peeping through a port-hole in the wall, where no daylight had peeped before. Stone walls are therefore generally preferred for warehouses and stores, where articles of value have to be deposited.

"Sydney is most abundantly supplied with fish, which are caught with hooks and lines, chiefly towards the heads of the harbour, by the native blacks, and disposed of to the retailers, who hawk them about the town; the sounds of 'Fish O,' 'Hot rolls, all hot,' and many other English cries, often chiming in agreeably upon your ear 'right early in the morning;' agreeably, I say, from their calling to your remembrance, in these unmusical strains, scenes you have so newly forsaken. Kingfish, mullet, mackerel, rock-cod, whiting, snappers, bream, flat-heads, and various other descriptions of fishes, are all too found plentifully about. Mud oysters are brought over from Botany Bay, where they are abundant; and by fitting yourself out with a few slices of bread and butter and other requisites, and taking a pleasant stroll round any of the romantic shores of our beautiful harbour, you may quickly secure a cheap and most delicious lunch from the sweet and finely flavoured rock oysters wherewith all its tide rocks are crusted, and which are collected by poor individuals and sold shelled at a shilling a quart. Crayfish, lobsters, and prawns, are also commonly found; while the little bays are perfectly alive with myriads of crabs during their breeding season, which may be observed moving quickly off into the sea on your approach, in such numbers, indeed, that the beach seems as if suddenly endowed with life; while these startled hordes are hurrying onwards (in hobbling sidelong gait) and wheeling themselves down into the soft sand over which the sea ripples. It is very amusing, too, to hunt the young crabs into their element, in order to witness the way in which they are assailed by the young toad-fish, who appear always on the watch to make them their prey, darting to the very edge of the water the moment they perceive the tiny swarm approach, in order to seize them before they can burrow into the sand. So eager are many of these to secure a feast, that they often run aground in endeavouring to accomplish their purpose. They are rarely successful; but when an unlucky member of the crab brood falls into their clutches, they cluster round, and each seizing a limb, shake and worry their victim as eagerly as a pack of hungry beagles would a helpless hare. It has often been matter of wonder to me, why the mode of catching fish by means of fishing baskets, as practised by the French, Portuguese, and Spaniards, has never been followed at Sydney, particularly as having already been found to answer so well, from the circumstance of two fish-baskets, brought by some sailors from the Brazils, supplying not only the cabin, but the whole crew, with abundance of fish daily, while the ship lay in the harbour, merely by sinking these baskets over the ship's side."

Mr. Cunningham, like nearly every other writer on New South Wales, is a warm advocate for the capabilities of the country. He seems to us to be rather inclined to magnify favourable circumstances, and soften difficulties. The great want of water in many districts, though confessed, is under-rated, as an evil which settlers can scarcely overcome: the curse of blights, so fatal to agriculture, is also slurred over:—while, on the contrary, a tolerable field is spoken of as "a plain of fifty

acres of rich land (without a tree upon it)!" A trait of this sort speaks volumes as to the nature of the country. The following anecdote is also characteristic of its face and uniform appearance:

"The road towards Paramatta is altogether composed of ascent and descent (though few of these can be called steep), no pains having been taken to diminish the carriage-draught by an inclination to the right or left; while the land is generally very poor, and the scenery uniform,—so much so, indeed, that an Irish gentleman, well accustomed to the road, being thrown one morning from his horse while going to Paramatta to breakfast, and stunned by the fall, could not, for the life of him, make out on which hand he ought to turn; nor was he convinced he was proceeding back again to Sydney, till he met Colonel Johnstone returning thence, whom he had met an hour before on his way to it!"

As the principal occupant of New South Wales, we should now pay our devoirs to that singular animal the kangaroo; and though we may thus anticipate a portion of our epitome of the natural history of the place, we cannot withhold our compliments from the attraction in question.

At the residence of Sir John Jamison, the author tells—"One of the largest tame kangaroos I have seen in the country is domiciliated, and a mischievous wag he is, creeping and snuffing cautiously toward a stranger, with such an innocently expressive countenance, that roguery could never be surmised to exist under it; when, having obtained, as he thinks, a sufficient introduction, he claps his fore-paws on your shoulders (as if to caress you), and raising himself suddenly upon his tail, administers such a well-put push with his hind legs, that it is two to one but he drives you heels over head! This is all done in what he considers facetious play, with a view of giving you a hint to examine your pockets, and see what *bon bons* you have got for him, as he munches cakes and comfits with epicurean *gout*; and if the door is ajar, he will gravely take his station behind your chair at meal-time, like a lackey, giving you an admonitory kick every now and then, if you fail to help him as well as yourself."

Nor is he less remarkable in his wild condition. "Our largest animals (Mr. C. states, near the conclusion of his first vol.) are kangaroos, all of which are fine eating, being clear of fat except about the tail, tasting much like venison, and making most delicious steaks and stews, the favourite dish being what is called a steamer, composed of steaks and chopped tail, (with a few slices of salt pork,) stewed with a very small quantity of water for a couple of hours in a close vessel. We have the forest kangaroo, of a gray colour, with longish fur, inhabiting the forests; the wallaroo, of a blackish colour, with coarse shaggy fur, inhabiting the hills; and the red kangaroo, with smooth, short, close fur, of a reddish colour, (resembling considerably in fineness and texture the fur of the sea otter,) inhabiting the open forests; and all of these varieties attain the weight of two hundred pounds and upwards, when full grown. The wallabee and paddymalla grow to about sixty pounds each, and inhabit the brush and broken hilly country. The rock kangaroo is very small, living among the rockiest portions of the mountains; while the kangaroo rat, or more properly rabbit, is about the size of the smallest of the latter kind of animal, and lodges in hollow trees, hopping along like the other kangaroos with great speed, and affording good

sport in the chase. The kangaroos make no use of their short fore legs except in grazing, when they rise upon them and their tail, bring their hind legs forward, and go nibbling upon all fours, pulling up occasionally some favourite plant with their fore paw, and sitting up bold and erect upon their hind houghs and tail, while they slowly bite and nibble it, shifting it from paw to paw, like a boy protracting his repast on a juicy apple. When chased, they hop upon their hind legs, bounding onwards at a most amazing rate, the tail wagging up and down as they leap, and serving them for a balance. They will bound over gullies, and down declivities, the distance of thirty yards, and fly right over the tops of low brushwood, so that in such places dogs stand very little chance with them; but in a clear open country, soon tire them out. The dogs seize them generally by the hip, and throw them over; then fasten upon their throats and finish them. But few dogs will attack a large kangaroo singly, some of the two hundred weight size often hopping off with three or four assailants hanging about them; and I was informed of one that actually carried a man to some distance. When a dog gets up close to a large kangaroo, it will often sit up on its tail and haunches and fight the dog, turning adroitly round and round, (so as always to face him,) and pushing him off with the fore paws: or it will seize and hug him like a bear, ripping him up with the long sharp claw on its powerful hind leg. They are constantly indeed cutting and often killing dogs with this terrible weapon, which will tear out the bowels at a single kick; and a large kangaroo is on this account very dangerous even for a man to approach, when set at bay. The kangaroo hunters immediately hamstring them when thrown, to prevent injury to themselves or the dogs; while the black natives give them a heavy blow over the loins with their waddie, which completely paralyses their hind legs, as all the large nerves supplying these parts pass out there. The kangaroo has only one young at a time, which you may see attached by the mouth to the nipple inside the mother's pouch, from the period it is the size of your thumb tip, and as bare and unshapely as a new-born mouse, until it attains the size of a poodle-dog, with a fine glossy coat of hair, ready to leap out and hop along after the mother. The young are attached by the mouth to the nipple in somewhat the same way as the placenta of other animals is attached to the uterus, the mouth being contracted round the nipple, which swells out like a cherry inside it, nourishing the fetus by means of absorption through this indirect channel, the mouth and nipple adhering so strongly that it requires considerable force to separate them. When the fetus arrives at sufficient age to suck, it drops off the nipple, and may then be said to be *born*, yet still continuing inside of the pouch, and sucking milk now through the ducts of that same nipple from the external surface of which it formerly derived a very different species of nourishment. The manner in which the young reach this pouch from the ovary, and attach themselves to the nipple, is still, I believe, a mystery, as no communicating duct has yet been found; but the natives assert they are born in the usual way, and that the mother places them there. It is amusing to see the young kangaroo pop its head out of the pouch, when the mother is grazing, and nibble too at the tender herbage which she is passing over. When hard hunted, the mother will stop suddenly, thrust her fore paws into her pouch, drag out the young one and throw it away, that she may hop lighter

along. They are always very hard pressed, however, before they thus sacrifice the life of their offspring to save their own; and it is pitiful to see the tender sympathetic looks they will sometimes cast back at the poor little helpless creatures they have been forced to desert. From this singular mode of gestation, you may handle the *fetus in utero*, and pull it about by the tail like a kitten, from the first moment of its appearance there, up to the very day of its birth, without causing either pain or annoyance to it or its mother. Such is the very singular manner in which nearly all our Australian quadrupeds are generated and brought forth. When the young kangaroo has attained a considerable size, it will crawl out, feed about, and creep in again to warm itself, or in case any danger approaches. The kangaroos feed early in the morning, when the dew is on the grass, which is the best time to hunt them. If there is no dog in your pack that will show the game, you must keep sight of the dogs at full gallop to secure it, or else take out a little short-legged terrier, that will run the foot, and that you can readily keep sight of till it reaches the others, otherwise you may lose all your sport, as few of our dogs give tongue either in the chase or at the death. If there is a river or pond near, the kangaroos are sure to retreat thither when hard pressed, and in this way readily baffle the native dogs, by shoving under water and drowning such as may venture in beside them. From the great length of their hind legs and tail, they are enabled to stand on the firm bottom while the dogs are obliged to swim, and in this way a fight between a large kangaroo and a pack of dogs affords a most amusing spectacle. The kangaroo stands gravely upright with his fore paws spread out before him, wheeling round and round to ward off his assailants, and whenever one arrives within reach, he pounces his paws upon him, and sousing him suddenly under, holds him fast in this position, gazing all the while around with the most solemn simpleton sort of aspect, heedless of the kicking and sprawling of his victim, whom he quickly puts an end to, if some courageous colleague does not in good time advance to aid, and force the kangaroo to let his half-drowned antagonist bob above water again, who paddles forthwith toward shore, shaking his ears and looking most piteously, with no inclination to venture in a second time, notwithstanding all the halloos and cheerings with which you urge him."

(To be continued.)

Vittoria Colonna: a Tale of Rome in the Nineteenth Century. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1837. Blackwood.

THE novels of the present day naturally arrange themselves into two prominent classes; one embracing those of which the fable, the incidents, and the characters, are essentially fictitious, being intended to serve as the general types or exemplars of a certain state of society, with the modes, customs, feelings, passions, prejudices, follies, and vices, by which it was characterized; and another including those which, taking for their bases portions of real history, engraft upon this stock the fortunes of their hero, conducting him through scenes and bringing him in contact with personages familiarly associated in our minds with great events and memorable achievements. Besides these, there are a few which constitute a sort of intermediate and subordinate class, participating partly of the attributes of both, and not easily distinguishable by any general description.

Vittoria Colonna is a production of the historical class, and possesses very considerable merit. Its subject may be stated in a few words. A gallant young colonel of French hussars, in the time of the Republic, arrives in Rome with the force sent to chastise the inhabitants of the "eternal city" for the murder of General Duphot; and being quartered in the palace of Prince Colonna, the last of that noble race—a man sunk into a state of mental lethargy, brightened, however, by occasional lucid intervals, during which he regains the partial use of reason and consciousness—he meets his only child, a daughter, and, according to established usage, falls desperately in love with her. No two stations could possibly be imagined which seemed more completely the antipodes of each other than that of a colonel of Republican hussars, as contrasted with the rank of Vittoria Colonna, the daughter of the proudest and best beloved of the Roman nobles—a man descended from a long line of illustrious ancestry, and boasting of regal and imperial alliances in the blazonry of his shield; but the omnipotence of love, and the propitious course of events—propitious in this respect alone—bear down all the barriers that oppose their wishes, and, by a strange and striking chance, they are united in the first consul's tent, immediately after the decisive victory of Marengo. These, however, are but the extreme points of the eventful story; and it may easily be conceived that a vast variety of incidents intervene between the arrival of the hero, Du Vivier, in Rome, and the consummation of his happiness under the auspices of Buonaparte. In fact, these substantively embrace the history of the proceedings of the French during their occupation of Rome, with the spoliations they committed, and the insurrections to which these gave rise—the invasion of the ecclesiastical states by the Neapolitan army, under that (if not worse) Austrian driver Mack—the battles and manoeuvres that ensued—the retreat of the Neapolitan force, and the advance of the French into their territory—the siege and capture of Capua, and the surrender of Naples, with a multitude of occurrences arising out of these great movements,—in all of which the hero, of course, acts a distinguished part, and, by the influence which he possesses both with the soldiery and the civil authorities, is enabled to render the most essential services to the illustrious house with which he seeks to ally himself. But by far the most prominent and remarkable feature in these volumes is the character of Latour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France. We know of nothing more unique and original than the character of this self-denying veteran, as drawn by the author; and, though we think he has committed a mistake in killing him off so soon, he is entitled to the full merit of having added a portrait to the richly-furnished gallery of historical-fiction pictures. Possessing the most unbounded influence over the soldiery, who regard him as a sort of oracle or god—admitted to be the bravest where all were brave—at Lodi, at Arcola, and in other desperate conflicts, the first to lead his countrymen to the cannon's mouth, yet the coolest, most composed, and most reasoning of all Frenchmen—a man of a cultivated mind, with Tacitus for his companion, of a clear head, a quick perception, and an unerring sagacity—this strange mortal, who might have aspired to any promotion, and to whom offers of promotion the most flattering to human pride and vanity were repeatedly and earnestly tendered, scorned the military rank which other men so greedily seek after, and

with the musket and bayonet of a common soldier, and his small Elzevir Tacitus, was constant to be called the first grenadier of France. The character of Latour d'Auvergne would of itself be sufficient to stamp the author as no ordinary master of his art, and to float his work into popularity even if it had less general merit than it actually possesses. But we must lay before the reader a few specimens:—the following is an odd scene for a French guard-house.

"The passages which he was expounding contained the defeat of the Germans under Arminius, a narrative that might be made to typify the more recent defeats of Germans by Gallic heroes of fame, rivalling that of Rome. Some difference, however, arose about the application, some of the audience looking upon Buonaparte as the Germanicus of the day, a comparison that Latour would not allow—the young troops and the *sabreurs*, who had risen up during the late campaigns, idolizing Buonaparte; whilst the older veterans preferred the equal talents and valour, and more republican virtues of the first generals of the revolution. In the dispute, as is usual upon such occasions, the original cause of the argument, Tacitus and his Annals were forgotten; and as each soldier thought himself as competent to pass judgment on the merits of the different generals, as our coffee-house tacticians did in the reign of Queen Anne, the number of disputants promised no speedy termination of the question. One had served on the frontier of Spain, under Degommier, and vaunted his general, whom he remembered to have walked on foot, and even barefoot, as some say, to take the command of the army allotted to him—Moreau, Pichegru, each had his admirers; but the voice of Latour preferred the modest conqueror of Fleurus, Jourdan, to even Buonaparte. In the midst of the dispute Duvivier entered, and every voice cried to refer the matter to the decision of the colonel. However invidious the task, he would have uttered his opinion forthwith, had not Latour protested, declaring that he could not leave his opinion to rise or fall according to the judgment of a *sabreur*. 'How, sir,' said Duvivier, 'that name to me!' 'A name of just praise, colonel, that marks you expert at your weapon; but that at the same time marks you as partial to the general who affords most scope for those chivalric feats; a young galloper over fields of battle, a rash contemner of ancient tactics.' 'Come, Latour, we know thy quarrel with Buonaparte. He threatened to make thee captain in thy own despite.' 'Si,' grinned the *discipulus*, glorying in the feats of his preceptor, 'on the bridge of Arcole.' 'And I responded to the young commander,' said Latour, 'that my name read well enough without a tag.' 'He offered thee any grade, Latour.' 'True, and he called me Jacobin for refusing; which taunt stirred mine old blood. So I returned it, saying, that I had never pointed gun's mouth but upon the foes of my country.' 'Bravo, Latour!' cried many voices: Buonaparte's having commanded the artillery during the insurrection of the sections at Paris being fresh in the memory even of his admirers. And beloved as the victorious general was, Latour was then more so. Duvivier was no immoderate admirer of Buonaparte; but he had been somewhat nettled by the first remark of Latour, and he observed that 'Buonaparte was a hero too young to command the veneration of the veteran.' 'Think you then my gray hairs jealous of success, or of the laurels of youth?' said Latour, angrily. 'That I did not mean. You are above the feeling; but your ways and prejudices, my

dear Latour, are very whimsical, to say the best of them.' 'Forget not my acts, colonel; their whimsicality is equally capricious. Witness this guard-house, and the cause of our thus waking—this mutiny.' 'Are there not manifest, just, and honourable motives for this conduct?' 'Which be they? Were we wronged or robbed of our rations? For our pay we do not fear; and if others be deprived of their just plunder, it is not we who suffer—we have never shared it.' 'Nay, Latour, press not the argument in that pernicious point. What plunder have I shared, or would have shared? Am I selfishly stirring up my comrades for my proper gain?' 'I don't mean that, colonel; but it is, perhaps, some whimsical prejudice, or——' 'Oh, you turn the tables on me, do you? Be it so. I must betake myself to a little repose before the morrow, which may be a busy one; and if thou be free from jealousy, and I from selfish motives, I think we may compound mutually for a great deal of whim.' 'Ay, but, colonel, a word with you—for I must have the last of the dispute—How came it that this horror of spoliation—this hatred of injustice—this mania, after the manner of Hercules, to cleanse the face of the earth from robbers, never visited or stirred up before this blessed minute? Have not our friends, the *concessionnaires*, been at Milan, Venice, in every city—nay, in every village, and how hath this innate and most unwhimsical love of justice slept in all our bosoms till now?' 'To shew thee, learned soldier, that I despise rank as much as thyself, the only way in which I propose to answer these insinuations of thine, is to measure swords with thee in the moonlight.' A clamour here arose in the guard-house, which shewed that the lives of both speakers were too dear to the army to be allowed to perish each. 'No, colonel, I know my rank too well to allow of that; and your youth might allow more liberty to the tongue of age without choler. I am fitter to teach than fight: I will instruct, touching the question that I asked, if thou be'st ignorant, or will speak for thee if thou be'st not so.' 'Instruct us then, grenadier-professor.' 'Here then lies my wisdom:—That a young soldier who hath ever cared more for his quarters and his provisions than for the justice by which it was procured him; who hath looked more to his horse and trappings than to the quiet and content of his host; and who, for three victorious campaigns, has been satisfied to wield the sabre only, leaving the sceptre to civilian hands—that soldier, *meus fidius*, or *centre bleu*, as I may interpret the oath of the ancients, did not start up at once into a patriot, and become sensible of the ignominy which rapine would entail upon this glorious army, without some unusual, sudden cause—some stirring up of the heroic man within him; such as I own I have myself experienced since we quartered here. For truly had our worthy commissaries plundered all the other cities of Europe, Latour had looked on contented; but Rome—ancient, imperial Rome——' 'And why may not the magic of the same name account for my unusual sensitiveness to our dishonour, since you think it unusual in me?' 'No, no, colonel,' exclaimed Latour, holding up his Tacitus, 'here is the elixir that turns my old brain young; but you, who are not given to conning musty Latin, must have gathered your 'splendid bile' against these sons of rapine elsewhere.' 'Where?—instruct us further, good professor.' 'Ask me not. There are very many sources of such excitement. Drink is a good though not a lasting one: I've seen in my time much

patriotism built on Burgundy. But you are no flagon-sucker. Interest and ambition are also causes that drive men to become most furiously disinterested and philanthropic at times; of neither of these do I accuse you. There is but one cause I have left unmentioned, well calculated to stir up dormant heroisms, and if none of the others suit you, colonel, this must be the maggot of your brain.' 'The others most certainly not suiting, what may this maggot be to which I—and I believe we all are likely to be so much indebted?' 'Thou must have fallen in love, Colonel Duvivier,' said Latour. 'Bah!' was the only reply. The keen truth of Latour's observation, however, failed neither to touch Eugene, nor to excite the universal merriment of the guard-house. And report, even from this slight foundation which had been afforded her, had sent abroad whispers sufficient to corroborate the good-humoured accusation of Latour.

We cannot omit the death of the singular grenadier of whom we have already spoken. Those unutterable sounds which speak to "death's prophetic ear" of approaching fate, had warned him that his hour was come. The result follows:—

"For upwards of an hour the French at Nepi successfully resisted and held in check the body of Neapolitans that attacked them."

"As Colonel Duvivier led his troops down the descent of Nepi, under a sharp fire, he found himself for a moment by the side of Latour. 'Now, *mon grenadier*,' said the colonel, 'you must carry the bridge, you *petites*, and leave me way for but a horse's hoof, and we'll chase these fellows, like a louting herd of oxen, back to Rome.' 'The bridge shall be carried without fail,' replied Latour; 'though had we delayed ten minutes for a reinforcement to turn this stream and divide the enemy, much loss would have been spared.' 'No, no; I'll not share glory with old Kellerman. The powdered, little, old-school veteran would be vaunting that he saved us boys.' 'The old-school veteran might have vaunted truly.' 'Bah, Latour! We have scarcely lost a man—look round. These fellows, as our soldiers say, charge their pieces with macaroni, not with lead.' 'And so have contrived, it appears,' said the grenadier, with a growl, 'to afford us a bellyful of fighting.' 'Go to; you jest in action, and prate of gloomy sentiments before it.' 'The ides of March are not past, colonel.' 'En avant, *mes braves*,' cried Duvivier, and the measured pace of the battalion, altered to the *pas de charge*, advanced, not at first impetuously, but steadily to the encounter. The bridge, the course of the stream, and the troops along it, were in an instant enveloped in a sulphurous cloud, from whence a volley of unseen lightnings made havoc amongst the French, in spite of Duvivier's jocular assertion. The head of the column was soon lost in the smoke: again and again the loud-mouthed artillery spoke—ceased: the clash of closer weapons succeeded the shouts and struggles of the combat. The bridge was carried—the cavalry swept over it—the strife after a while was hushed; and as the clouds were dissipated and driven before the wind, the Neapolitans were seen in full rout, scattered over the Campagna, flying and mingled with their pursuers. Here and there a partial combat still took place, as a body of the fugitives, too sorely pressed, turned and stood against their conquerors; and these, according to the *force contiguos* to or around them, were either charged, ridden through, and sabred; or else, their va-

lour: respected, were allowed to continue their retreat. The wide plain was thinly scattered with the dead and the dying, but more with caps, arms, accoutrements, and all the apparel of the soldier; the sutlers had not ventured so far. Here and there, where a stand had been made, the pile of dead rose one upon the other; whilst, perhaps, some gallant survivor, who had missed his attached comrade in the conflict, approached the heap and looked in momentary search. The friendship of the human species indeed seemed here not so manifest as that of man to beast, for more cavaliers cast their eyes around in search of their lost steeds, than in anxiety to learn the fate of friends or companions. Duvivier, as his good horse bore him leisurely over the fallen bodies of his mangled followers and enemies, was very selfishly and placidly absorbed in calculations of the new rank with which his conquest might be repaid. It was not for some time, not till he had uplifted his view to the crimson tint of the declining sun, on the abrupt sides and clefts of Mount Soracte, that his thoughts took a milder and more generous channel. He then indeed, when moved by scenic beauty, experienced for a moment sentiments akin to it, and gave a passing thought to his affections. It was but passing; the sounds of war still came from a distance, and tokens of a still subsisting and doubtful conflict could be both seen and heard—around at the foot of Soracte or Monte St. Oreste it seemed to rage even as if it were noon. Duvivier still watched the distant scene, absorbed in it till he approached Nepi once more. His troops were at the time wisely regaling themselves with a hasty meal after the exhaustion of the combat. Their merriment, surrounded as they were by death, seemed no dissonance to their commander's ear; his spirits even rose as their loud chorus resounded above the wailings of the wounded, and the echoes of distant battle. Looking towards them, as they crowned the ruins of Nepi, he approached the little bridge which had been the scene of a severe though brief contest. He cast his eye a moment round, to mark what had become of the Neapolitan field-pieces, which had played upon them so hotly a few hours since. Some had disappeared, dragged either into the Campagna by the conquered, or into Nepi by the French. One he observed towards the side unmoved: the heaps of slain around it would have required perseverance to have removed them, ere it could be brought off. It stood, therefore, in a kind of human entrenchment; and strange, a form appeared to be seated upon the heap, reclining against the fatal gun. Duvivier drew near. It was motionless: the martial head-gear, whatever that might have been, thrown off,—the face upturned, pale, and serene. The light, already faint, fell for the last time on that noble countenance in its perfect expression; by the morrow 'Decay's cold fingers would have swept its lines.' Duvivier could not mistake it—the gray locks, the dark mustachios, the placid countenance—it was Latour. Duvivier dropped from his horse. A lance, most probably of one of the German followers of Mack, had transfixed the veteran's heart. He sat, dead, and leaning against the cannon he had won. Soldier as Duvivier was, acquainted with death both in friend and foe, the sight overpowered him; he sat too, and for a few brief moments, the scene around—the noise of triumph and of war—the field of slaughter and of victory, struck him with unutterable disgust. Glory even seemed a sickening crime, and life a horrid dream, well escaped from."

We wish we had room for one other extract, the battle of Marengo, but we have not.

From the passages already quoted the reader will judge whether we have spoken of *Vittoria Colonna* in higher terms than it deserves. Its prime fault is an extravagant partiality for the French, with a disposition to palliate their spoliation and atrocities. The fact is, that from the commencement of the revolutionary war, till the abdication of Buonaparte, the French armies were little better than immense hordes of banditti. Without magazines, and without resources, they were necessarily compelled to subsist on the plunder of those countries or provinces which were the seat of war. Robbery consequently became habitual; real discipline, in so far as it acts as a restraint on the vicious propensities of the soldier, never had and never could have any existence; the expedient to which necessity at first drove them was afterwards found conducive to celerity of movement, as well as otherwise convenient; the morale of their army was annihilated; and officers and men vied with each other in every species of robbery and spoliation. In this view Buonaparte himself was nothing more than an arch-bandit on a great scale. Look at the treaty of Tolentino, by which his Holiness was compelled to consent to the plunder of the Vatican as the price of a hollow and precarious peace; and to other treaties of the same complexion to which we might advert. The marshals and generals, each in their sphere, were equal adepts in the arts of pillage. By what means, pray, did Soult obtain that noble collection of Spanish paintings, which, with so much apparent pride and ostentation, he exhibits to strangers? Will any one dare to affirm that he purchased one of the number? We do not dispute that there may have been exceptions—*rare aves*; but these were so "few and far between" that, as usual, they confirm the rule. Is it not preposterous, then, in the face of notorious facts, to attempt to palliate proceedings which are now matter of history, and which reflect eternal disgrace upon the French name? Some of these reflections are strengthened by the perusal of General Foy's posthumous work, which we are now reading; as partial and national a tissue of misrepresentation as we ever saw.

We cannot take leave of these volumes without expressing our surprise at the number of typographical inaccuracies they contain. The author, we believe, is on the continent, and, therefore, could not revise the proof sheets; but some properly-qualified person ought to have been procured to undertake this necessary duty.

Captain Andrews' Journal, &c. to Potosi.
2 vols. Murray.

(Second Notice: Conclusion.)

THE first volume of Captain Andrews' Journal, to which we called the attention of our readers a fortnight ago, had brought the author, on his way to Potosi, to the city of Salta. Thence he went to Jujuy, suffering much inconvenience from riding on mules. "The mule traveller thinks that his journey never can end. He meets an Indian, and on asking how many leagues he has yet to go, gets 'no se,' or a reply widely differing from the distance at which his guide rates it, and even the stranger informant is perhaps so ignorant of the matter that no dependence can be placed on what he asserts. As for the peons, they never trouble themselves on the subject. They stick to present business. Their abode is the open air, and they are at

home on the road, travelling along without care, and cheering the mules with a song. Now they dismount from time to time to help up a jaded beast that has lain down with his 'carga,' or load, for a moment's respite, in which case the burden must be replaced. The load rearranged, the peon drives the mule up to the rest. Meanwhile another animal has taken it into its head to lie down, and is to be assisted, as the preceding one has been. A patch of good browsing ground is now perhaps discovered by some young beast, which leaves the madrina (usually a mare, with a bell round her neck, which leads the troop), and gallops away to regale itself. The goodness of a mule is generally estimated by the steadiness with which it keeps up with the madrina during a journey. The peons must pursue all runaways, sometimes to considerable distances; yet the animals rarely receive ill-treatment for thus playing truant, and giving their masters trouble. A rattle on the haunches with the light of the lasso alone reminds the deserter of his duty, perhaps while grinning at a thistle which he seizes, and runs back with to his post, there to receive a look and lecture from a 'companero,' or comrade. Even such an incident as this is food for reflection to the most thoughtless mind during such a journey. The differences between the peons and their mules, in the exhibition of their intellectual faculties, is another oft-recurring theme for meditation, and not unfrequently the animal appears to have the advantage of his masters."

From Jujuy the road lies over mountains to Mojo and Tupiza, where are the Chircomines, about fifty-seven leagues from Potosi; but we confess that to us, without the aid of a dictionary, the account of the different stages is not the most intelligible reading in the world. For instance, the Captain says,—"Having on the 29th, it may be truly said, girded our loins afresh, and passed the uppermost link of the chain of basins, we commenced our ascent of the *Abra de las Cortaderas*, in the romantic quebrada of which, the spring (as our *arriero* informed us) of the river Jujuy takes its rise. At this (*Oja de Agua*) we halted, refreshed the mules, and filled our *water utensils*, on a calculation of not obtaining any more till our arrival at Guayaca, a second day's march distant."

Abra, quebrada, arriero, *Oja de Agua*, are certainly good-sounding words; but it is not every body who can pick out their meaning, thus rattling through a single sentence. On the route by these places our countryman was overtaken by the patriot General Alvear, who treated him with great kindness; and he relates:

"We quitted Morales at 8 a. m. October 1st, and getting into the high road, joined the general, and accompanied him *en suite* on horseback into Suipacha, where we found the inhabitants of this Indian town (for the inhabitants are nearly all Indians), turned out to receive him by order of General Miller, in whose district command it lay, Suipacha being the frontier town towards Potosi. The first part of the ceremony of reception was curious, as shewing from this relic of past times, how abject must have been the servility of all orders to the triumphant church. The general, according to the old custom, took the hand of the curate, which he saluted. He then accompanied the minister to mass, celebrated as an offer of gratitude for the general's safe arrival thus far on his journey. The impression of the scene on my mind was that it seemed highly characteristic of the dissimulation which prevails in society, wherever such farces are kept up. It also exhibited a specimen of the insincerity which exists among different political parties in South

America in their intercourse. General Alvear, who is really a high spirited, noble character, felt inwardly ashamed at the scene, and the effect produced on our minds at this servile act of devotion, for he excused it to us afterwards. Such, however, is the hold which the long dominion of the church of Spain, and the arts of the priests have still got upon the Peruvians, that policy is needful from the Portenos towards them, especially as the latter are viewed with jealousy by the former. The ceremonies and reception of the general by the senior curé, were the result of gross hypocrisy, voluntarily bestowed with the lips while the heart perhaps cursed the object of their benedictions. Long indeed will be the time ere the effects of the education introduced by the Spanish priests will disappear in Peru."

The country in this quarter presents a complete mining aspect; but in the whole of Captain Andrews' transactions respecting mines and mining, there seems to have been a good deal of that manoeuvre and insincerity of which he speaks in describing the intercourse between General Alvear and the priest. He had his own plans, which he did not divulge, and the Spaniards had there's too, so that in many instances the humbug of negotiation was notorious; and we can lay no stress on the statements made, or the assurances given. Leaving them, therefore, *in statu quo*, we journey on, and between Tupiza and Potosi meet with a remarkable tree.—"We halted," says the captain, "and took our refreshment under the shade of a tree very remarkable on two accounts; in the first place, for the numerous miracles which had been performed under it, and in the second, for the number of little warblers that sheltered in its branches. These birds crowd it throughout the entire year in myriads; they are so small and nimble in their motions, that the eye can scarcely catch them; what species they are, I know not for certain; but from their plumage and notes, they resemble the small Indian Abadevat, (*Fringilla Aman-daeva* of Linnæus); their song is in unison, and forms a sweet, melancholy music. The inhabitants cherish these little songsters almost with religious respect. No offer could induce the boys, who came to stare at us, to secure one for a specimen."

Here we are told of the natives, "These passive and meek people appear to be content, and even happy, under their caciques, who stalk about with the insignia of their rank, (a gold-headed cane), shewing all the airs of a Spanish alcade of the old school. They are every where obeyed implicitly, and the traveller to obtain any thing on his road, should (following the custom of the old Spaniards), send on his arrival for the alcade, and with a little 'brief authority,' if his retinue correspond, he will obtain all he wants. By a different mode of proceeding he must put up at some detached rancho, and find every thing denied him. If he offer money, 'no hay,' is the reply; they won't trust to his parting with it. He must starve or help himself, and pay the price demanded for the articles, which the peons upon rummaging find here and there secreted. The real truth is, that these poor creatures have been so oppressed between patriot and royalist in the recent warfare, being seldom or ever fairly required for any thing, that they naturally withhold the little they possess, or keep it out of sight. They seemed astonished at our paying them for what we used. The Indians are generally accompanied by a black cur kind of dog. The 'Perro Negro,' as they call the animal, is his master's friend through life, and the destined

pilot of his voyage to the promised Elysium hereafter. To arrive at this happy land, rivers are to be crossed, and the dog is to convey over his master's provisions, a store of which is always inlaid with each upon his decease. There is a great resemblance in feature between these Indians and some of the people I have seen in the East, especially the mixed breed of Chinese and Malay in Java. The high cheek-bone, sharp angular eyes, and small beards, agree. That both are equally submissive is natural, seeing that the Dutch outdid the Spaniards in the science of bringing that unhappy part of mankind, whom they subdued, to the most abject subservience. It is in favour of the Spaniards, that they seldom resorted to corporal punishment, as the Dutch planters of the old school seemed to feel a pleasure in doing; but they rivetted the chain of slavery firmer, by imbuing their slaves with superstition. The Spanish slave is the best regulated, best mannered, and most content of any in the world. These Indians are very industrious. The men cultivate the land or look after their flocks, from sunrise to sunset. The women are busy in knitting, spinning, weaving, and various domestic occupations. Idleness is deemed almost a crime amongst them. They are robust, but by no means so athletic or stout as the Malays and Chinese, and I observed they decreased in stature as we approached the more inhospitable regions of Potosi.

"The dress of the caciques is the Creolian blue breeches, open at the knees, white cotton or worsted stockings, and silver knee and shoe buckles of large dimensions, more ornamental than useful. They wear a jacket or poncho, and on some even a coat may be seen. Large silver spurs and a queue are indispensable. The head apparel of the working class so much resembles the Chinese, that I almost fancied myself in the paddy fields, in the vicinity of Whampoa. A curious circumstance was related to me by an old Spaniard, and afterwards corroborated, respecting the Indians, namely, that on one of them being sent on a special journey requiring despatch and additional remuneration, he would go to the priest before he set out, and apply to receive fifty lashes or more, according to the stimulus required to execute his task; as if to remind him of the necessity of his completing it, by the smart he carried with him."

Near Potosi, the author continues: "I first saw the Llamas,* or Peruvian sheep, and soon afterwards met a whole troop, marching two and two, and looking like cavalry at a distance, their heads being held up nobly, and moving along full of state. In form they are the handsomest, and in conduct the most gentle of any animals of the species I have ever seen."

Of the society at Potosi itself, the worthy captain speaks in the most grandiloquent terms. "At this scene of gaiety (says he), forgetting recent animosities, the victorious patriot and vanquished royalist met in peace in the same circle of amusement. I found here the illustrious Bolivar, the brave Sucre, the politic Alvear, the gallant Miller, Generals Santa Cruz and Urdininea, in short, all the heroes of the Andes. A galaxy of military splendour and dazzling uniforms, which seemed to excite the highest admiration among, and to awaken all the attractions of the ladies of Potosi."

* "These are the most docile creatures in the world, as well as the most beautiful. In passing them in the street they will put out their heads to your hands, as if begging corn. It is singular that these animals, if passing under an arch to which they are strangers, however high, always bow their heads. This extraordinary movement, I presume, is a peculiar defect in the animal's vision."

When or where was it that glitter and dash failed to excite the admiration of the fair? How few of "the womankind," even in intellectual England, can raise their minds above the attractions of frivolity and folly; and it would be too much to expect such superiority from dames and damsels whom no elevation teaches that they are more than toys and playthings, especially when tempted by the illustrious, the brave, the politic, the gallant heroes of the Andes!! Indeed, one would think that Captain Andrews had forgotten his own spirit of British independence when he talks of approaching Bolivar as if he were an immortal god. "It was (he tells) on the 18th of October, that I was introduced to Bolivar. I cannot say that I felt not, at the moment of introduction, the peculiar sensation which the presence of a character who had filled the world with his deeds, naturally inspired. If, however, I had any sentiment approaching to humility on the occasion, arising from awe inspired by the moral influence of the man, it was speedily dissipated with the mode in which he received me, with a cordial, downright, English shake of the hand."

When taken,
To be well shaken.

"Potosi comprehends the five provinces of Porco, Chayanta, Chichas, Lopez, and Atacama; all of them mineral districts of the first notoriety in Upper Peru. An intendant or prefect is invested with the authority both civil and military of the entire department. The provinces have each a sub-governor; the whole territory is reckoned to include fifteen hundred square leagues, with a population of three hundred thousand, four fifths of whom are aborigines. These Indian inhabitants are prone, during their 'feasts,' to intoxication, from the quantity of chicha which they drink; and if they quarrel when in this state, it is generally about the priority of their patron saints. The women resemble in make and size our Welch runts; they wear a similar hat, to which, perhaps, the resemblance may be mainly owing,—but the Cambr-Britain ladies cannot compete with these dames in the majesty of dress. The Flanders lasses only can equal the Potosian in the capacity of their garments. I have no doubt that the number of yards contained in the quiltings and flouncings of one Potosian petticoat, would supply a Welsh girl with gowns for half her life; while the bolsters applied by a Potosian to the hips would supply pillows complete for Jenny and Taffy's matrimonial couch. It is curious to watch the pertinacity of custom. These Gothic-looking beings continue to wear the ancient Spanish ladies' costume, without recollecting the difference between a life of luxurious indolent enjoyment, and the labour of absolute slavery, to which in such a climate the lightest garment would be best adapted. It is wonderful how they walk beneath a tropical sun thus cushioned. I have often compared a mandarin of China, with four or six frockings, or, if wishing to look more important, even more, with one of those bronzed Indian figures. An excellent match a mandarin and Potosian dame would make. I think I hear the Chinaman exclaim (for in China such an accumulation on the hips would not be deemed a grace), twirling his whiskers, 'Eh, yaw! have so fashion—have too much. Eh, yaw! No have custom, no can.'"

This specimen of the author's style may suffice; and as, in his journey from Potosi to Tacna, &c. (having found all his toils and efforts fruitless), he rather listlessly indicates that describes what occurred, we shall here take our leave of him and his Journal.

A Popular Dictionary of Facts and Knowledge, for the Use of Schools and Students, with several hundred Engravings in Wood. By the Rev. S. Barrow, Author of "Questions, &c. on the Old and New Testament," &c. 12mo. pp. 232, in double columns. London, 1827. Poole and Edwards.

It is not always that writers, in christening their works, happen to give them a proper, just, and happy name. Mr. Barrow boldly denominated his little volume a "Popular Dictionary," and has committed no mistake; for it is as well deserving of popularity as any publication of its class and order which we have ever seen. The system of illustrating explanations by slight cuts is one of the best that can be devised; and we are convinced that it may and will be carried to an infinitely greater extent than it has ever yet been (even in the highest branches of knowledge), when its extraordinary utility and effect come to be more fully appreciated. The eye is the most important organ of sense for conveying ideas to the mind: what is vague in verbal description or definition, it renders distinct and palpable, and fixes on the memory. It is curious to reflect, that the wisest nations of antiquity had recourse to this means, and that the most intelligent people now existing in the ancient parts of the world still resort to it. In Europe, the cultivation of language and letters has led to a kind of desuetude as a mode of instruction; nor would we wish to set it above its real rank and value in that respect. But certain we are, that an equally efficient ally cannot be brought into the field where absolute experiment cannot be employed; and we are sincerely obliged to Mr. Barrow for the excellent example he has here set of combining the explanations of the dictionary with references to the visual faculty. It is delightful to see a book so well suited to inform the rising generation (and indeed all who seek intelligence), with so much to instruct, so ably executed, and yet at the cost of only a few shillings.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 28.

THE golden days of the newspapers, promised by the *Montieur*, are like the golden strings of the lute in Moore's exquisite song, *There is neither Sound nor Harmony*. One of the first operations of the censors was to refuse to examine the paper *La France Chrétienne*, and the editors dropped the publication. In England, we should have published it as usual, and left the censors and their masters to their remedy. In another paper it was announced that the Giraffa had arrived at Paris; and that M. Villmain had commenced his public course of eloquence. The censors suppressed the last article, thinking there was less danger to morals in going to see a wild beast than a professor of eloquence, who signed the protest, as academical, against the project of law on the liberty of the press.

We are at length going to have an English theatre here. The company is to act on alternate nights at the Italian Opera. We wish it success, but have small hopes of it.

Baron Charles Dupin has published his *Forces Productives et Commerciales de France*, in two quarto volumes. It is a highly valuable work, and a proud one for Englishmen to look at, as in it we find the immense superiority of England as a manufacturing country: with it is published the famous chart that has drawn so much ill-will on the author; the figurative

chart of popular instruction in France, represented in different shades, with parts of the bordering kingdoms. Spain is black as a coal; and England only one shade lighter than the Low Countries; but a dozen shades darker than three-fourths of the French departments. What will your Bells, and Lancasters, and your Bible Societies, say to this? but fie, M. Dupin! These departments are represented as black as Spain—Morbihan, the Haute Loire, and Indre and Loire. This last is the far-famed Touraine, the garden of France, and next to Paris, the principal residence of English visitors. We hope that all the baron says is not gospel: it would be a libel on English taste to suppose they selected, in preference, the country of Cimmerian ignorance.

The last sittings of the Institute was principally consecrated to a long paper, read by M. Cordier, on the internal heat of the globe. He says it increases about one degree centigrade (about half a degree Fahrenheit) every fifteen fathoms; whence he concludes, that all lower than fifteen to twenty leagues is a mass of metal (iron, we believe,) in fusion; and on such data he accounts for the vast electrical currents observed circulating from east to west, at a very little distance from the surface. M. Ampère replied to the memoir, and destroyed, by the most irrefragable arguments, the whole doctrine of M. Cordier. It is well known, he said, that iron, even at a white heat, loses all its magnetic power, and in fusion it would be ridiculous to suppose it. Besides, a very simple fact suffices to prove the doctrine of the liquefaction of the globe to be inadmissible: if fluid, with such a thin coating over it, it would be daily subject to the attraction of the sun and moon, and would be affected by them like the tides,—so that it would raise up its earthy coating, and give us earthquakes twice in twenty-four hours, which Heaven forefend.

It was stated, it is said, in the drawing-room of the Princess de Talleyrand, that M. Cuvier had refused the office of censor of the press. "What impertinence!" said the princess. "Why, Cato was a censor, and is he a better or a greater man than Cato? Cato censured the Roman newspapers; and does he think it beneath him to censure the French ones?" This trait of erudition was listened to in profound silence by all present.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VOYAGES, EXPEDITIONS, &c.

UNDER this head we have again the satisfaction to lay the latest received intelligence before the readers of the *Literary Gazette*, in an extract from a letter from Captain Beechey, which relates his movements after leaving Behring's Straits.*

"We passed a very pleasant time in San Francisco, and were materially benefited by its climate, and the refreshment which it afforded us after our cruise.

"It is, without exception, the best port in the Pacific for such purpose. The harbour is very spacious—one branch of it extending about thirty miles to the southward, and the other finishing in rivers which are said to have their source in the Rocky Mountains; but as it was against my instructions to communicate with Franklin by that route, I did not follow them up far enough to decide that point: of all that was navigable we constructed plans. The settlement, you are aware, was never one of any great importance, and is much

less so now than ever. Neglect on the part of the government, indolence and dissatisfaction on that of the residents, added to the ravages of disease, have reduced the place to a state of poverty and wretchedness scarcely indeed to be described. Conscious, however, that all this had been occasioned by the revolution, the people still exult in their imaginary state of independence; and the cry of *Viva la libertad!* is as enthusiastically shouted as it ever was around the standard of the liberating army.

"The troops have received no pay for fifteen years. Nothing but a coarse cloth, worn by the Indians, is manufactured in the country; and yet a duty of 43½ per cent is imposed on all importations; and we have recently heard that all foreigners are ordered to quit the country unless they can obtain an exception in their favour from the government! In this state of affairs we were not likely to have our demands satisfied, which was a source of much mortification to me, as I had laid out some work on that coast, and much time has, in consequence been lost, (and must still be) in making passages. These, however, I have endeavoured to make useful, by searching for islands whose situation and distance were doubtful; and though we have not added any thing to the chart, we have cleared away some of its encumbrances. We arrived here on the 26th January, and found some letters *vis Valparaiso*, of so ancient a date that they were prior to those which came overland to Kamtschatka; and we are now likely to miss those which have been sent to China, in consequence of the vessel which I requested to bring them here having been detained some months longer than was anticipated by an accident that occurred at sea. She is hourly expected now,—but as I intend getting out directly the wind will allow of our pushing through the reefs, we are almost certain to miss her.

"I have seen the letters from Franklin and Richardson, after the return of the former from Garry's Island; and the probability of his having found it impossible to advance, takes away greatly (I must confess) from the interest which I should otherwise feel in proceeding a second time to Behring's Straits. But I am not sufficiently selfish to wish it otherwise,—nor shall my exertions to pick him up relax for one moment on account of this supposition. I shall be better stored this time with provisions, and may risk a little more than I could do the last time: had we been caught there,* it is more than probable that, by this time, there would scarcely have been a person left alive. You have heard of the trip made by our barge, and I hope and trust that Mr. Elson and Mr. Smyth will meet with their promotion. . . . I shall write to you again from Mocao . . . I had nearly forgot to say, that the veteran Pitt (*alias* Krimakoo) died at Owhyhee, on the 10th instant. He had been tapped for the dropsy very frequently; and, on the present occasion, sunk under the operation, and died from exhaustion. Poor old fellow! he tried to bathe for the first time, after a long interval, and almost immediately after swelled out to so alarming an extent that his medical man was obliged to operate.

"We have been detained by south-easterly gales ever since the 13th, and it is impossible to push through the reefs without a fair wind, as you may perceive, when you like, by Malden's chart. This is the more provoking, as every day is now precious.

* See *Literary Gazette*, No. 347 and 348.

* Among the ice, I suppose, is meant—in Kotzebue Sound.

"A spurs off the land to-day bids fair to allow of our proceeding—so I close this, with every kind wish, &c.

—*St. M. S. Blossom, Oaker, Sandwich Islands, February 1827.*

CAPTAIN PARRY.—The newspapers contain some particulars relative to the expedition under Captain Parry. Captain P. reached Hammerfest in fourteen days, from Gravesend. The people there seem to be of opinion that the reindeer (not having been trained to the services to be required of them in traversing the polar ices,) will not be found so useful as was expected. The vessels lay a week at Hammerfest, and the travellers were provided with snow shoes, said to be far better adapted to their purposes than those brought from America.

MEDICAL ESSAYS.—NO. VII.

"Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school." *Shakespeare.*

"And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you?
Tidious it were to tell, and harsh to hear,
Suffice it I am come to keep my word." *Ibid.*

THE circumstances which have concurred to interrupt the regular succession of these Essays being at an end, they will in future appear at the periods which were fixed for their publication, until the series be completed. The subject of this Essay is *Exercise*, as connected with the preservation of health in boyhood and in youth.

In treating of the diet necessary for this period of life, we made no distinction between the sexes; but the difference of sex is of much importance in the present instance, and therefore the subject naturally divides itself into two parts: 1st, The consideration of exercise as relates to the preservation of the health of boys and of young men; and 2d, The consideration of exercise, in reference to the female constitution. Each of these parts shall be divided into three sections, in the first of which we shall endeavour to ascertain the quantity of exercise which should be taken; in the second, the times at which it may be taken with most advantage; and, in the third, the kinds of exercises best adapted for the promotion of health at this period of life.

1. *Of exercise as a preservative of health in boys and in young men.*—It is a generally received opinion, that too much exercise cannot be taken at those periods of life which are termed boyhood and youth; but when we reflect, that the body, both of the boy and the youth, is in a state of progressive enlargement; that new parts are daily added, which are not yet sufficiently consolidated to sustain much violent exertion, we will readily admit the error of this opinion. On the other hand, nothing is so unfavourable to the preservation of health, in the young of all animals, as a state of rest. If we consider the number and the power of the moving organs of the human body, which are under the control of the will; the great strength of the *flexor* and the *extensor* muscles, and the facility with which these produce locomotion and progression, few arguments will be necessary to convince even the most unreflecting, that a state of constant rest is unnatural, and motion or exercise is essential for the maintenance of health. The great object, therefore, is to ascertain the *quantity* of exertion which the body can sustain without much fatigue; and although fatigue is not always a certain criterion of over-exercise in the boy or the youth, yet exercise ought not to be too often

carried to this extent. This should be particularly attended to in quick growing boys, and those who are tall of their age; for, in such, the rapid extension of the moving organs is accompanied with languor, and often with considerable debility; and too violent exercise in youths of this habit has often been productive of deleterious effects, and not unfrequently followed by fatal consequences. Indeed, under every state of the body, exercise is salutary only when it is kept within certain limits. If the exertion be violent, although it need not be suddenly discontinued, yet it should be gradually moderated, or rather changed in character, so as to give a new stimulus both to the body and the mind. With regard to the quantity of exercise, however, supportable by the body, fatigue is not always a safe guide, for the eagerness and mental ardour natural in early life often urge on the youth to the accomplishment of fetes, the hurtful consequences of which are not experienced until the mental stimulus which induced them ceases to operate, when the body feels effects of which it was altogether insensible during the continuance of the excitement which led to the exertion. Experience, therefore, must rein in the ardour of youth, whenever it tends to excite efforts beyond the strength of the individual; and parents, instead of encouraging trials of preternatural exertion in boys and young men, should sedulously repress them. We are fully aware, that we may be told how much our remarks are at variance with the experience of the gymnasium of the Greeks, and the Campus Martius of the Romans: but we reply, that these exercises were not long continued, and there was a regular training, with habits of temperance, observed by those who wished to excel in them, which rendered exertions that would have been destructive to the uninitiated, almost innocuous.

But more harm is likely to result from too little exercise, than from that which is violent and long continued, in the present state of society. Great corporeal exertion is seldom encouraged in highly civilized and luxurious ages; and the opposite causes of disease, sedentary occupations, are more to be dreaded. No plan of education is so injurious to health as that which enjoins too long-continued sedentary occupations to boys and young men under the age of puberty. The result is a weakened tone of the solids, and a deprivation of the digestive organs; which lay the foundation of dyspepsia, hypochondriasm, and a long melancholy train of evils. This is daily exemplified in the universities, among that portion of the students who are termed reading men, and who sometimes extend their daily course of studies to ten and fourteen hours, encroaching deeply upon that period which is wisely intended for sleep, and the refreshment of the exhausted frame: but, while "wasting the midnight oil," the student is undermining the powers of life; and as he eyes in imagination the prize of application, the pallid cheek, the sunken eye, and the feverish hand, prognosticate that the result will too certainly verify the description of the poet, who, bewailing the fate of one who fell a lamented victim to over-study, says,

"Science's self destroyed her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit.—
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit."
Byron.

Rousseau asserts that, of all men, literary people are the most sickly and the most unhappy; but that this arises from their sedentary habits, and not from mental exertion, is

probable, seeing that similar habits in tradesmen produce similar effects, and render them melancholy, peevish, and prematurely old. The labour of a tailor, or a shoemaker, or a weaver, is less fatiguing than that of a ploughman; but the very nature of the labour of the latter, its performance in the open air, and the locomotion of the body, are beneficial to health; whilst the sedentary occupations of the former are as certainly productive of disease. For boys and youths, therefore, of sedentary habits, and for others whom necessity obliges to be so, it is of great importance to encourage those gymnastic exercises which have been lately introduced into England, and are happily becoming a branch of education. The want of attention, however, to one circumstance connected with them, has been productive of injury to delicate boys; we refer to the exposure of the body in a state of perspiration to a current of cold air. Much of the advantage arising to health from exercise, depends on the functions of the skin co-operating with those of the respiratory organs, and consequently the flow of perspiration is beneficial; but when the person is resting, the exposure of the surface to a current of cold air, or the drinking of cold liquids, are equally dangerous, and the degree of risk is exactly in the ratio of the extent to which the exercise has been carried. To those, therefore, who take violent exercise, the exertion should either be gradually lessened and protracted in a moderate degree, until the perspiration ceases to flow; or, if it be suddenly discontinued, the skin should be rubbed dry with flannel, in a warm room, and a change of clean and dry linen obtained. But, after all, the quantity of exercise which can be taken with impunity, and the degree of it, are altogether regulated by habit: the individual who would drop from fatigue after walking a few miles, may attain the power of continuing his exertions for an entire day, or a succession of days, without suffering in an equal degree; and it is impossible to see the wonderful flexibility, the perfection of movement, the muscular vigour, and the power of continued exertion, which the bodily frame is capable of attaining, as exemplified in opera-dancers, wrestlers, and others, without being convinced that, as exercise is essential to health, the judicious management of the powers of the body will by degrees enable even the most delicate individual, not only to take it without suffering, but will bring up the strength of the body to the quantity of exertion which the circumstances of the case may require. It is our duty, therefore, to advise and to urge the necessity of cultivating, as a branch of moral education, such exercises as tend to promote health; and it may be some encouragement to know, that while they promote health, they tend, at the same time, to mould the corporeal frame to elegance and grace.

With respect to the best *periods* of the day for taking exercise, much depends upon the frame of body, the state of health, and the previous habits of the individual. For boys and youths who enjoy good health, the morning and the evening are the preferable times for exercise: in the morning, the body, nourished and renovated by sleep, is vigorous and alert, and the buoyancy of the spirits is in unison with the freshness of the opening day. The boy, therefore, who meets "the sun upon the upland lawn," and brushes away the morning dew, with a firm step and a careless mind, is much more likely to return to the intellectual labours of the school, with capacity and disposition fitted to derive benefit from them,

than he who passes from bed into the crowded school-room, and who is sent out to snatch his scanty share of exercise under the heat of the meridian sun. But if, either from the state of health, or other circumstances, exercise cannot be taken in the morning, it should be delayed until the evening; and it is advisable that all violent exercises should be deferred until the close of day. Morning is ill adapted for violent exertion, because the exhausted body is rendered unfit to go through the necessary business of the day; but in the evening, the exercise which tends to fatigue, even if it be occasionally extended beyond the proper degree, becomes comparatively harmless, from the repose and rest which are immediately to follow. But in schools for more advanced boys, and in the universities, where evening study is requisite, morning is undoubtedly the best time for taking exercise, whether this be riding or walking.

Let us now take a brief view of the various kinds of exercise, and the effects of each on health.

Walking, regarded, in a general point of view, as contributing to the preservation of health, is the best kind of exercise which can be taken, when the strength of the body admits of a moderate degree of fatigue. It throws into action not only the muscles of the lower limbs, but those of the arms, and several of the largest and the most important of the trunk; especially those which, passing from the inside of the loins, serve as flexors of the thigh. It is not improbable that the motion of these muscles aids, in some respects, the peristaltic movements of the intestines, and thus contributes to that regularity of the body without which health cannot be preserved. When walking produces difficulty of breathing, palpitation of the heart, or pain of the chest, it should be discontinued. It has been lately the fashion to teach boys to walk by rule: but the graceful and measured step, however advantageous it may be allowed to be, in conferring ease and elegance of deportment, is an acquirement of little importance in reference to health; and really affords less exercise to the body than the sudden jerks and irregular movements of the most awkward, natural gait. Walking, regarded as an exercise conducive to health, in youth, must be continued until the sensation of fatigue is beginning to be felt; and, occasionally ought to be protracted by diverting the attention with a succession of new ideas; hence the necessity of varying the ground in prosecuting this form of exercise.

Running, when not too long continued, at one time, improves respiration, and consequently promotes health. In many boys this exercise, however, excites pains in the groins, palpitation of the heart, and great distress in breathing: but even these inconveniences may be surmounted, by gradually repeated but moderate efforts, if at the same time temperance be observed, and this exercise be not taken immediately after a meal. Boys of delicate habits, and especially such as have the chest narrow, and are liable to bleedings at the nose, ought never to try their strength in the race, or to run long even with moderate speed, as a sudden and dangerous exhaustion may be produced; and if profuse perspiration be excited, its sudden suppression should be guarded against, by walking until it abate.

Dancing is a more healthful exercise than running, because it is less violent, and may be longer continued without risk of sudden exhaustion. It is also more beneficial, from the

exhilaration of spirits excited by the music and the agreeable intercourse with the fair sex, with which it is always associated; and it is one of those exercises which can be even enjoyed after the body has been previously fatigued, as is frequently demonstrated in those countries which are attached to this amusement. Thus a band of Scotch reapers, after labouring in a harvest field from sunrise to sunset, will dance all night to the music of an itinerant fiddler, without appearing to be exhausted; and in the West Indies, a negro, who has worked all day under a tropical sun, stimulated by love and pleasure, will walk ten or twelve miles to a dance; and after footing it all night, return to his task-work in the morning apparently as much refreshed as if he had passed the night on his pallet. We cannot avoid taking this opportunity of regretting that the teachers of dancing have generally so little taste as to confine the action altogether to the feet and legs, while that of the other parts of the frame is neglected. It is, also, to be lamented that the tyranny of fashion precludes the variety of which this exercise is susceptible; and that it is generally carried on in crowded rooms, heated by a profusion of burning candles or lamps, by which the air is contaminated,—so that in the frequency of respiration produced by the exercise, the lungs are not supplied with an adequate portion of air proper for the change which the blood thus brought in quicker succession into the lungs should undergo. Dancing, to prove highly salutary, should be conducted either in the open air, or in large, well-ventilated rooms.

Riding on horseback is an exercise that contributes to the preservation of health, and is in itself a delightful recreation. It is more easily acquired in early life, and it is only in boyhood that a person can acquire the art of sitting on the horse with ease, grace, and firmness, so as to appear not a shifting encumbrance on the saddle, but as a constituent part of the animal. The salutary effects of this species of exercise are most conspicuous in cases of obstructed respiration, debility of the digestive organs, and in nervous habits. The different paces and degrees of speed must be regulated by the state of the constitution and the health of the individual. Hard trotting is injurious wherever there is a predisposition to pulmonary affections, and, on mechanical principles, when there is any tendency to rupture.

Sparring, as an exercise to the healthy boy and youth, contributes to corporeal vigour, produces manliness of exterior form, knits the muscles, and is the best of the athletic sports, particularly when there is a tendency to corpulency, which is always to be dreaded in youth. When long continued, however, at one time, it is too violent an exercise; but in moderation, especially when accompanied with the temperance and the diet used by regular prize-fighters in training, the effects of sparring on the constitution of youth are, a great augmentation of muscular power, a diminution of fat, free respiration, regularity of bowels, a diminished nervous sensibility to pain, and a great control over all the muscles of volition.

Fencing, as an exercise, is of more limited value than sparring, the action being chiefly confined to the wrist and forearm.

Swimming should be acquired by every boy, both on account of its utility and its beneficial effects on health. As an exercise, it throws the muscles of both the superior and the lower limbs into action, expands the chest, and

increases the whole vigour of the frame. In bathing, swimming is useful, by enabling the bather to plunge fearlessly headlong into the water, which prevents that determination of blood to the head that not unfrequently occurs when any one walks into water at a low temperature. It should not, however, be too long continued, nor should any boy be allowed to venture into the water when feeling a sensation of chilliness. In this case, he should run or take exercise until a glow of heat be excited on the surface; or he should not bathe until after he have taken a hearty meal; and on no occasion should any one exhausted by fatigue, or languid from intemperance, be permitted to plunge into cold water. The first effect of the application of cold to the surface of the body is the repulsion of the blood from the exterior to the interior, and its accumulation there; but when the heart and larger blood-vessels are sufficiently vigorous, this temporary accumulation only stimulates them to powerful reaction, and the blood is thrown on the surface again with a force sufficient to distend the smallest superficial vessels, and to produce, from the excitement thus communicated to the cutaneous nerves, a glow or sensation of heat on the skin. Bathing should always be followed by such a glow; for when this does not occur, the congestion of the interior vessels is apt to cause the rupture of their coats, and produce apoplexy if the vessels of the brain be more than usually loaded.

Rowing and Punting, although sedentary employments, yet are salutary, from the exertion they require, and the number of muscles which are called into action. *Scouting*, if we abstract the hazard which necessarily attends it, is a very healthful exercise for the winter season, but it is inferior to walking or running; and if the motion on the ice be very rapid, and against a north-east wind, the breathing is very apt to be affected, and catarrhal complaints supervene. *Cricket*, as a social amusement, and requiring dexterity and manual exertion, is a favourite exercise of youth; and it has one advantage over many other sports, from the diversified employments of those engaged in the game diminishing the violence of the exertion sometimes required, by permitting intervals of rest.

Quoits, the discus of the ancients, is fitted for every age; and if both hands be alternately employed in throwing the quoit, the exercise it affords tends greatly to strengthen the muscles of the forearm and the wrist. The weight of the quoit must necessarily be apportioned to the age and the strength of the player; for otherwise, the muscles instead of being strengthened are strained, and inflammation follows. But, like every other effort, by practice the strength augments so greatly, that the most ponderous weights may at length be hurled with ease and advantage.

Third in the labours of the disc, came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung;
Braced all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye,
Pursued his cart and hurled the orb on high;
The orb on high, tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bounds, and joys to see,
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall:
The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales, and woods, and echoing hills rebound.

Such are the healthful exercises; and although it should always be recollected that no exercise is salutary which is not kept within proper limits, yet we are certain that their cultivation, as actual branches of education, would

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be productive of the greatest advantages in modern times. No corporeal acquirement can compensate for the deficiency of intellectual excellence; but nothing is so likely to insure the possession of this to the ambitious youth, as the allotment of a due portion of time to sports and exercises which invigorate the body and secure health.

T.
August 3, 1827.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portrait of J. Abernethy, Esq., from the Picture in the Hall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, by Subscription from his Pupils. Painted by Sir T. Lawrence. Engraved by W. Bromley, A.R.A.

IN the art of line engraving, we cannot even fancy any thing more perfect than this head. It is the doing of a great painter upon copper, and Mr. Bromley might well rest a high reputation upon this single exertion of his fine skill. The countenance, the hair, the light and shade throughout, are admirably given; and what Sir T. Lawrence has managed in his best manner has lost nothing under the hand of the engraver. To be perfect, were either picture or plate ours, we should cut it off, most surgically, right through the body, and leave not a limb behind. In truth, the legs look very merman-like; and we are of opinion, that if we could see their termination we should see a fin-tail. Do not let us, however, for a jest at the extremities, undervalue one of the most excellent exertions of art we have had before us for a long while.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, Part IV. Jennings.

CAPTAIN BATTY perseveres most strenuously in this laudable design. The present Number contains, St. Nicholas, Hamburg (too sharply engraved); the Oker Thul Bridge, and Bridge at Nienberg; Wernigerode, a lovely scene; and Buckeberg, a curious old place;—which the prints and short descriptions render familiar to those who like to travel at home.

Lodge's Portraits, Part XXVI. Harding, Leppard, and Co.

To mention this publication at No. XXVI. with the same praise we bestowed at No. I. is a sufficient character. We will not particularize the portraits.

Picturesque Views of the English Cities. No. III.

THE collection of gems, from drawings by Robson, and edited by Britton, has just put forth another and a brilliant Number. Gloucester is one of the finest subjects for the pencil in England, and ample justice is here done to its picturesque forms. Oxford, Coventry, Lincoln (with its striking cathedral), Bath, Ely, York, and Canterbury, are all admirably delineated. Without seeing the work, it is impossible to form any idea of the grace, variety, and grandeur, in which the artist has clothed his subjects.

Devils at Home. Robert Newton.

A FANCIFUL piece of grotesque, in which fiends are sporting tragedy, dining, making love, &c. The idea is whimsical, and the execution clever.

STATUE TO THE DUKE OF YORK.—The name of Campbell seems destined to adorn Scotland in a new and brilliant manner, connected with the cultivation of the fine and

liberal arts. That ancient land not only boasts her celebrated bard of that name, but has now to proclaim the powers of a distinguished sculptor. Mr. T. Campbell's model for a statue to the Duke of York, to be erected by the United Service Club, has carried away the palm of competition, and he has been appointed to execute the figure in marble, at the cost of two thousand guineas. From what we know of this rising artist's performances, both in Rome and in England, we can readily anticipate that he will make a noble design of the late lamented chief of our armies, and do honour to his employers, himself, and his country.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGY ON DAVID LAING, ESQ.*

Blacksmith and Joiner (without license) at Gretna Green.

Ah me! what causes such complaining breath,
Such female moans, and flooding tears to flow?

It is to chide with stern, remorseless Death,
For laying Laing low!

From Prospect House there comes a sound
Of woe—

A shrill and persevering loud lament,
Echoed by Mrs. T.'s Establishment

“For Six Young Ladies,
In a retired and healthy part of Kent.”

All weeping, Mr. L.—gone down to Hades!
Thoughtful of graves, and convents, and the veil!

Surrey takes up the tale,

And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones,
With the two parlour-boarders and th' apprentice—

So universal this mistimed event is—
Are joining sobs and groans!

The shock confounds all hymeneal planners,
And drives the sweetest from their sweet behaviours:

The girls at Manor House forget their manners,
And utter sighs like pavours!

Down—down through Devon and the distant shires
Travels the news of Death's remorseless crime;

And in all hearts, at once, all hope expires
Of matches against time!

Along the northern route

The road is water'd by postillions' eyes,
The topboot paces pensively about,

And yellow jackets are all stain'd with sighs;
There is a sound of grieving at the Ship,

And sorry hands are wringing at the Bell,
In aid of David's knell.

The postboy's heart is cracking—not his whip!—

To gaze upon those useless empty collars
His wayworn horses seem so glad to slip—

And think upon the dollars
That used to urge his gallop—quicker! quicker!

All hope is fled,
For Laing's dead—

Vicar of Wakefield—Edward Gibbon's vicar!

The barristers shed tears—
Enough to feast a snipe (snipes live on suction)—

To think in after years
No suits will come of Gretna Green abduction,

Nor knaves inveigle
Young heiresses in marriage scrapes or legal;

* On the third inst. died, at Springfield, near Gretna Green, David Laing, aged seventy-two, who had for thirty-five years officiated as high priest at Gretna Green. He caught cold on his way to Lancaster, to give evidence on the trial of the Wakefields, from the effects of which he never recovered.—*Newspapers.*

The dull reporters
Look truly sad and seriously solemn,
To lose the future column

On Hymen-Smithy and its fond resorters!—
But grave Miss Daulby and the teaching brood

Rejoice at quenching the clandestine flambeau,
That never real beau of flesh and blood
Will henceforth lure young ladies from their Chamberlaid.

Sleep—David Laing!—sleep
In peace, though angry governesses spurn thee!

Over thy grave a thousand maidens weep,
And honest postboys mourn thee!

Sleep, David!—safely and serenely sleep,
Bewept of many a learned legal eye!—

To see the mould above thee in a heap
Drowns many a lid that heretofore was dry!—

Especially of those that, plunging deep,
In love, would “ride and tie!”—

Had I command, thou should'st have gone thy ways
In chaise and pair—and lain in Père la Chaise!

T. H.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE PETIT LOUVRE, of which we spoke, at first sight, perhaps less favourably than it deserved as a *Collection* of drawings, attracts considerable attention from the admirers of the fine arts. To us it certainly appeared that no Exhibition of this kind could expect that degree of popularity which would reward its proprietors for their trouble, and remunerate them for their expense; but in expressing this opinion, we by no means intended to imply that there were not many exquisite drawings in this Series, which has employed the first artists of France on the most celebrated pictures. We would particularly point out many of those by Fragonard as deserving of minute examination.

THE EUMENIA.—Among the *Sights of London*, (if we may so call that which appeals to the ear and not to the eye), is a novel and pleasing improvement made by a Mr. Tait upon Musical Glasses, and which is now to be heard at the Egyptian Hall. These Glasses are tuned without the aid of water; the capacity being produced by grinding their bottoms till the keys wanted in performing upon them are obtained. The compass is the two middle octaves of the piano; and by a rim of paint round their edges, too much vibration is prevented, so that the player can be more precise and distinct than on any instrument of this description hitherto in use. There is also much simplicity in the arrangement; and by colouring the edges, the task of learning to play is rendered very obvious and easy. The modulations are beautiful; and we have seldom listened to more melodious tones than Mr. Tait elicits from his ingenious and delightful invention.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Tyrolese Melodies; with the original German Words, and an English Translation by William Ball. The adaptation of the Music by Ignace Moschelles. London. Willis and Co.

No novelty brought to London this season has become so popular, and consequently profitable, as the introduction of the Tyrolese singers, the family Rainer, and their native melodies.

These we noticed on their first appearance; since which the minstrels have not only been in great request at fashionable parties, but have daily entertained numerous auditors at the Egyptian Hall. We have no doubt but that they have earned, on an average, about 200*l.* a week during their stay. The present publication is a collection of twelve of their airs, and is an extremely interesting book, independently of its great musical attractions. There is a pleasant biographical sketch of the Rainers, from which we learn that Felix, the eldest, has not only some knowledge of music, (the inventor of *Die Gamsen* and *Das Schützenleid*, and partly of *Lauterbach*, and *Auf die Alm*, in this volume), but a poet, having written the words of several of these songs.*

Seidel, the celebrated actor at Weimar, seems to have greatly befriended the musicians as they climbed the hill towards notoriety, and composed two of these songs.

The music is altogether very curious. There are many passages which consist merely of a play of the voice among liquid sounds, without meaning or expression. It is something like the warbling of birds, or the tones of an Æolian harp. There is nothing like rule; and the wildness is captivating. The mode of singing called *Jodeln*, of which an example is given, it is impossible to describe: but we have no hesitation in recommending this publication to the lovers of melody, as one of the best offerings made to them for a long period.

The First Cupbearer's Song, from the Epicurean. By T. Cooke.—*The Nubian Girl's Song, from the same.* By Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. London. J. Power.

Two of the sweetest and most beautiful pieces which have appeared this season. No pianoforte should be without them; for they do infinite credit to the taste and skill of their composers, and must be listened to with great pleasure on every repetition. It was not easy to come up to Moore in his Epicurean,—but these are charming.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Saturday Mr. Poole's new piece was ill received; but he has both talent and fame enough to support him under the chagrin of this partial failure. The decisive condemnation of *Gudgeons* and *Sharks* was chiefly attributable to a wide-mouthed individual in the pit, whose yawns were perfectly terrific, and, unfortunately for the author, at length became infectious. A cod's-head could not display a more desperate gulf; and by this yawning abyss the poor Gudgeons were devoured.

The *Rencontre* makes good its pleasant way, and is capably acted every evening. Vestris, who has got quite plump in consequence of her frequent indispositions, is all *naïveté* in *Justine*; E. Tree plays *Mad. de Merville, à la merville*; and Farren, in the old *Baron*, is perfectly rich. Cooper too, in the *Colonel*, with Laporte his man, and the useful Williams in *Moustache*, are all most meritorious contributors to the gaiety and good humour of this pleasing drama.

DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.—There was no opera on Tuesday.

Several of our most distinguished female performers are at this moment kept from the stage

* Indeed we have in our possession an original poem of his, which we purpose inserting, with a translation, in the *Literary Gazette*. It relates to his friend Hofer, and has, we understand, been noticed graciously by his Majesty.

by various contingencies. Miss Stephens has lost her father; Miss Kelly's mother died a few days ago; and Miss Paton is severely indisposed.

Braham has been delighting the Dublin audiences, but now returns to the Worcester musical festival. He has been well sustained on the Irish stage, not only by the powerful voice of our old favourite, Miss Halland, but by the notes of a new and most promising debutante, Miss Hughes, a pupil of Mr. Watson's. We have heard this young lady at private concerts, and have no doubt of her becoming one of the most popular singers and actresses of the day.

VARIETIES.

The Italian journals mention that a new effort is about to be made to raise an ancient Roman vessel, sunk in the Lake of Nemi, and which is supposed to have been a galley of Tiberius.

Mr. Granet, whose interior and figures have been so much admired at the British Gallery, has painted a fine picture of the beautiful Roman cloister recently uncovered at Arles.

Retort.—A very great personage in his own estimation, who had recently obtained one of the military orders, exhibited himself with all his decorations in the lobby of Drury Lane Theatre; and after calling very consequentially for the box-keeper, who happened to be absent at the moment, Tom Sheridan came up, when the knight addressed him in a tone of much importance:—"Pray are you the box-keeper?" "No," said Tom, "I am not indeed; are you?" and then passed on without any further notice.

New Classification.—A married lady alluding in conversation to the 148th Psalm, observed, that while "young men and maidens, old men and children," were expressly mentioned, not a word was said about married women. An old clergyman, whom she was addressing, assured her they had not been omitted, and that she would find them included in one of the preceding verses under the description of vapours and storm.

Original Anecdote: Quibble against Quibble.—Some years ago, Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, took a house at Westminster, and bound himself (as he thought) to paint the inside once during the seven years' lease: but in a subsequent covenant, which, if Reynolds read, he did not understand, there was so much technicality and ground for quibbling as to the exact period for commencing the aforesaid colouring operation, that at the end of the first year, the landlord (a most litigious and vexatious attorney) brought an action for breach of contract, but which the eccentric dramatist defeated by immediately painting the whole of the inside of the house—black!

An Incredible Fact.—A French doctor, of the very appropriate name of *Cleaver*, has been hoaxing the Institute with a report of his having cut himself for the stone! The only assistant present on the occasion was a looking-glass. We dare say he himself believes the thing to be true; and the members of the Institute seem to have swallowed it. We hope next time, (for having undergone about a dozen operations, poor fellow! it is but reasonable to suppose that there will be another opportunity), he will perform in public. If he would come over here, and charge three or four shillings a-head for admission, he would make a fortune.

Inguinal Nipple.—In a recent Number of

the *Literary Gazette* we mentioned the extraordinary fact of a woman now living in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, who has three nipples; one of them inguinal. By a report from a committee to whom the consideration of this phenomenon had been referred by the Académie des Sciences, it appears that no doubt whatever can be entertained with respect to it. As we have already stated, the woman in question has suckled with this inguinal nipple several children; one of which was not weaned until after it became thirty-three months old.

Geology: Dr. Hibbert's System of Geology.—Dr. Hibbert is in considerable forwardness with the system of Geology which he has many years been preparing for publication. It is intended to contain a succinct view of the history of the earth, with a geological arrangement of the various mineral substances which each description of rock contains, and a particular account of the organic remains which have been discovered in the various strata. A considerable portion of the work is dedicated to an inquiry into the changes which are still going on to alter the surface of the globe. Dr. Hibbert, preparatory to the completion of his work, is visiting the Continent, with the view of satisfying himself on some important questions connected with the subject of rocks of igneous formation. For this purpose, he is undertaking a personal examination of several of the most noted volcanic districts of Europe.—*Brewster's Journal.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Townley on the Law of Moses, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Sherwood's Chronology, Vol. II. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Butterfly Collector's Vade Mecum, 3d edition, 18mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Andrews's (Capt.) Travels in South America, 2 vols. port. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Von Halem's Imprisonment, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Butler's Genuine Poetical Remains, 8vo. 15s. 6d. bds.—royal 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Lempriere's Lectures, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Williams's Abstracts, 7 and 8, G. IV. 8vo. 6s. bds.—West's Second Journal, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Butler's Views in the Madeiras, folio, 3s. 3s.; India paper, 4s. 4s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.	Wind.
Thursday... 26	From 45. to 72.	29.50 to 29.80	
Friday... 27	— 55. to 76.	30.00 to 30.06	
Saturday... 28	— 60. to 81.	30.08 to 30.08	Stat.
Sunday... 29	— 51. to 83.	30.06 to 29.97	
Monday... 30	— 62. to 75.	29.70 to 29.93	
Tuesday... 31	— 48. to 78.	30.13 to 30.06	
August.			
Wednesday 1	— 47. to 75.	30.06 to 29.90	

Prevailing wind S.W.
Generally clear, except the evening of the 29th, when it was raining. On the early part of the morning of the 30th of July, thunder and lightning almost incessant.
Rain fallen .255 of an inch.
Edinburgh. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is stated to us, that the gallery at Cleveland House is not exhibited at stated seasons under the provisions of the will of the original possessor, the Duke of Bridgewater; but, on the contrary, that there being no such direction in his Grace's will, it is to the liberality of the present possessor of this collection of pictures, the Marquis of Stafford, and to his love of the fine arts, that the public are indebted for this annual exhibition. In correcting, however, the error of our supposition, if an error, we must notice, that we consider the walls required by the servants here, to be a great blot on the establishment.

We have the pleasure, in giving an *Elegy* on a lamentable subject (the death of the Gretna Blacksmith), from the pen of the author of *Whims and Oddities*, to announce an intended series from the same quarter; which (in this dull time) we may be tempted to illustrate with a humorous woodcut or two.

"A Friend," at Bath, ought to be aware of the utter impossibility of giving all the details of new works in our reviews of them. There must be choice and selection; and these depend on the reviewer's judgment and taste.

W. C.—declined, with thanks; F. S.—it is also declined.
Persius is of cleverness and promise, but too juvenile for L. G.

The poem commencing
He wakes! he wakes! why starts his son?
Why blanch his cheek to paler glow?
will not do.
We are not acquainted with Euclis.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL

MALL. Close of the Exhibition of His Majesty's Private Collection of Pictures. The Gallery, with the Collection of Pictures from Carlton Palace, which His Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow the Directors to exhibit, will be closed on Saturday, the 11th instant.

Admission, from Ten to Six. 1s. Catalogue, by WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For August contains among other original Papers—Sketches of the Irish Boy, No. 14; Mr. Serjeant Blackburne—Mr. Campbell's Second Letter to the Students of Glasgow on the Chief Speech of Literature—Good Night to the Season—Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon—Mr. Horace Smith's Reuben Apley—Conversations of Martin, No. 4—Narrative of the Escape of a French Prisoner of War from England—London Lyrics: Ugly Objects—Anecdotes of the Stage Cooks, Suet, No. 1—Roman Society: Prince Borghese, Prince of Sax Gotha, &c.—Letters from the Levant, No. 11; Sappho—Stewart's Elements of the Human Mind—Collections of Turkey, No. 1—The Antique Sepulchre, by Mrs. Hemans—Travelling Sketches in Russia—Original Notices of Dr. Barry's Life of Jenner, Major's Epitaph, and other New Works—The Italian Opera, the Drama, &c.—Literary and Scientific Varieties, &c. &c.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXXIX, for August 1827.

This Year is published, Part IX. of SELECT VIEWS IN GREECE; engraved in the best Line Manner, from Drawings by H. W. WILLIAMS, Esq. Edinburgh. Containing—1. Mountains of Locri Ozzio—2. Mount Olympus—3. Fountain at Votizza—4. Mount Helicon—5. Mount Cithæron. No. X. will be published this Month. In imperial 8vo. 12s.; proofs, on India paper, royal 4d. 11s. 1s. a few impressions taken off on India paper before the Descriptive Writing, 11s. 6d.

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Printed for Longman, Nees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; and Adam Black, Edinburgh.

DEBRETT'S PEERAGE. A Supplement,

completing this Work to the present Period, is published this day, price 1s. It contains the names of all the Peers, as they stand in 1827, with the Arms; the former Supplements, published in August 1826, being incorporated. Printed by Rivington, Egerton, Cathell, Clarke, Longman and Co., Dublin; Richardson, Boscawen, Baldwin and Co., Hatchards, Benger, Hamilton and Co., Harding, Lloyds, Parbury and Co., Martin, and Saunders and Co.

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MUSIC.

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THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER for 1827.

Contents—Part I. History. Opening of Parliament—Catholic Association—Catholic Emancipation—Finance—Trade and Commerce—Navigation Laws—Combination Laws—Courts of Justice—Joint Stock Companies—Foreign Loans—France in the Commercial World—Burmese War—France—Spain and Portugal—Austria, and other European Powers—Turkey and Greece—United States, &c. Part II. Literary and Miscellaneous. Part III. Chronicle. Political, Legal, and General—Record of Public Accounts—Remarkable Trials, &c.—Biography of eminent Persons deceased during the Year—Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c. Miscellanea furnish useful Intelligence connected with the Events of the Year.

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